

THE LIVING AGE.

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"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

Ps. 126 : 5, 6.

THE time for toil is past, and night is come ;
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
 Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,—
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;
 Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light and worthless, yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late ;
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
 Brambles and flowers, dry sticks and withered
 leaves ;
 Wherefore I blush and weep, and at Thy feet,
 I kneel down reverently and repeat,
 "Master, behold my sheaves."

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
 With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
 Can claim no value nor utility ;
 Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty, be
 The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;
 For well I know Thy patient love perceives,
 Not what I *did* but what I *strove* to do ;
 And, though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE KNIGHT'S GRAVE.

I.

UNDER painted cross and chalice
 In the flood of light,
 Lies in marble, with Dame Alice,
 Andrew Welldon, Knight ;
 Side by side, the legend sayeth,
 These two lived and died,
 And carved stone o'er mingled bone
 Showeth them side by side.

II.

Nothing here, above or under,
 Of fanatic gloom ;
 No fool's fear of death's deep wonder
 Spoils their simple tomb :
 Seems it that the sculptor graved it
 Only for to show
 What the knight and what his dame were
 Now they are not so.

III.

Merry cheeps of madcap swallows.
 Reach them, darting by,
 Changeful shadows from the sallows
 On their white brows lie ;

Changeful shadows from the sallows,
 Constant from the limes ;
 For light friends go, if winds do blow,
 As in their ancient times.

IV.

Certes, lovely was the lady !
 Eyes, I guess, whose blue
 Calm, and cold, but gleaming steady,
 Tender was and true :
 Of a noble presence surely,
 Dutiful and staid,
 Worthiness was glad before her,
 Worthlessness afraid.

V.

Read beneath, in golden letters,
 Proudly written down,
 Names of all her "sonnes and daughteres,"
 Each a matron crown :
 Deftly cut in ruff and wimple
 Kneeling figures show
 Small heads over smaller rising,
 In a solemn row.

VI.

These her triumphs. Sterner token
 Chronicles her Lord :
 Hangs above him, grim and broken,
 Gilded helm and sword.
 Sometimes, when with quire and organ
 All the still air swings,
 Red with the rust and gray with the dust,
 Low rattles that blade, and rings.

VII.

Time was, knight, that tiny treble
 Should have stirred thy soul,
 More than drums and trumpets rebel
 Braying health to Noll.
 No more fight now !—nay, nor flight now !
 The rest that thou hast given
 In chancel shade to that good blade
 God gives thy soul in heaven.

VIII.

Somewhere on this summer morning,
 In this English isle,
 Blooms a cheek whose rich adorning
 Herits, dame, thy smile :
 Some one in the realm whose fathers
 Suffered much, and long,
 Owes that sword and its good lord
 Thanks for a righted wrong.

IX.

Therefore, for that maiden say I :
 "Dame, God thee assail ;"
 Therefore for that freeman pray I :
 "Knight, God quit thy toil ;"
 And for all Christian men and me
 Grace from the gracious Lord
 To write our name with no more shame,
 And sheathe as clean a sword.

—Once a Week.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

"*Thekla*. I should love thee.

Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou
wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee; but repent-
ance

Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I must leave thee; must part from
thee!

Thekla. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too
to me."

—WALLENSTEIN.

PHŒBE and Maria went alone to the Park to receive the bridal pair, for poor Bertha was so nervous and unhinged as not even to wish to leave the fireside. It was plain that she must not be deprived of an elder sister's care, and that it would be unlikely that she would ever have nerve enough to undertake the charge of Maria, even if Phœbe could think of shifting the responsibility, or if a feeble intellect could be expected to yield the same deference to a younger sister as came naturally to an elder one.

Thus Phœbe's heart was somewhat heavy as she braced herself for her communication to Mervyn, doubtful as to the extent of his probable displeasure, but for that very cause resolved on dealing openly from the first, while satisfied that, at her age, his right was rather to deference than to surrender of judgment. Maria roamed through the house, exclaiming at the alterations, and Phœbe sat still in the concentrated, resolute stillness that was her form of suspense.

They came! The peals of the Hiltonbury bells rung merrily in the cold air, the snow sparkled bridally, the icicles glittered in the sunset light, the workpeople stood round the house to cheer the arrival, and the sisters hurried out.

It was no more the pale, patient face! The cheeks were rounded, the brown eyes smiled, the haggard air, that even as a bride Cecily had worn, was entirely gone, and Mervyn watched exultingly Phœbe's surprise at what he had made of the wan, worn girl they had met at Hyères. The only disappointment was Bertha's absence, and there was much regret that the new-comers had not heard of her cold so as to have seen her at the Underwood on their way. They had spent the previous day in town in going over the distillery, by Cecily's particular wish, and had afterwards assisted at a grand impromptu entertainment of all the workpeople,

at their own expense and Robert's trouble. Mervyn did certainly seem carried out of his own knowledge of himself, and his wife had transgressed every precedent left by his mother, who had never beheld Whittingtonia in her life!

Phœbe found their eager talk so mazy and indistinct to her perception that she became resolved to speak and clear her mind at the first opportunity; so she tarried behind, when Cecily went up, under Maria's delighted guidance, to take off her bonnet, and accosted Mervyn with the ominous words, "I want to speak to you."

"Make haste, then; there is Cecily left to Maria."

"I wanted to tell you that I am engaged."

"The deuce you are!"

"To Mr. Randolph, Miss Charlecote's Canadian cousin."

Mervyn, who had expected no less than John Raymond, whirled round in indignant surprise, and looked incredulously at her, but was confronted by her two open, unabashed eyes, as she stood firm on both her feet, and continued: "I have been thrown a good deal with him, so as to learn his goodness and superiority. I know you will think it a very bad match, for he has nothing but his hands and head; but we mean to wait till he can offer what are considered as equal terms. We thought it right you should know."

"Upon my word, that's a clever fellow!"

Phœbe knew very well that this was ironical, but would not so reply. "He has abilities," she said, "and we are ready to wait till he has made proof of them."

"Well, what now?" he cried in despair. "I *did* think you the sensible one of the lot."

"When you know him," she said, with her fearless smile, "you will own that I *was* sensible there!"

"Really, the child looks so complacent that she would outface me that this mad notion was a fine thing! I declare it is worse than Bertha's business; and you so much older! At least Hastings was a man of family, and this is a Yankee adventurer picked out of the back of a ditch by that young dog, Sandbrook. Only a Yankee could have had the impudence! I declare you are laughing all the time. What have you to say for yourself?"

"His father was major in the —th dra-goons, and was one of the Randolfs of — shire. His mother was a Charlecote. His birth is as good as our own, and you saw that he is a gentleman. His character and talents have gained his present situation, and it is a profession that gives every opening for ability; nor does he ask for me till his fortune is made."

"But hinders you from doing better! Pray, what would Augusta say to you?" he added, jocosely, for even while lashing himself up, his tone had been placable.

"He shall satisfy her."

"How long has this been going on?"

"We only spoke of it yesterday. Bertha found it out; but I wish no one else to know it, except Robert."

"Somehow she looks so cool, and she is so entirely the last girl I expected to go crazy, that I can't laugh at the thing as I ought! I say, what's this about Miss Charlecote; will she do any thing for him?"

"I believe not."

"And pray who vouches for his antecedents, such as they are."

"Mr. Currie and Owen Sandbrook both know the whole."

"Is Sandbrook at the Holt?"

"Yes," answered Phœbe, suppressing her strong distaste against bringing him into the affair.

"Well, I shall make inquiries, and—and—it is a horrid unlucky business, and the old girl should be scarified for putting you in his way. The end will be that you'll marry on your own means, and be pinched for life. Now, look here, you are no fool at the bottom; you will give it up if I find that he is no go."

"If it be proved that I ought," said Phœbe. "And if you find him what I have told you, you will make no opposition. Thank you Mervyn."

"Stay," said he, laughing, and letting her kiss him, "I have made no promises, mind!"

The confidence that Phœbe had earned had stood her in good stead. Mervyn had great trust in her judgment, and was too happy besides for severity on other people's love. Nor were her perfect openness, and fearless though modest independence, without effect. She was not one who invited tyranny, but truly "queen o'er herself," she

ruled herself too well to leave the reins loose for others to seize.

The result of the interview had surpassed her hopes, and she had nothing to regret but her brother's implied purpose of consulting Owen Sandbrook. Friend of Humfrey though he were, she could not feel secure of his generosity, and wished the engineer had been the nearer referee; but she did not say so, as much for shame at her own un-charitableness, as for fear of rousing Mervyn's distrust; and she was afraid that her injunctions to secrecy would be disregarded. Fully aware that all would be in common between the husband and wife, she was still taken by surprise when Cecily, coming early next day to the Underwood to see Bertha, took her aside to say, "Dearest, I hope this is all right, and for your happiness."

"You will soon know that it is," said Phœbe, brightly.

"Only, my dear, it must not be a long engagement. Ah! you think that nothing now, but I could not bear to think that *you* were to go through a long attachment."

Was this forgiving Cecily really fancying that her sorrows had been nothing worse than those incidental to a long attachment?

"Ah!" thought Phœbe, "if she could ever have felt the full reliance on which I can venture, she need never have drooped! What is time to trust?"

Mervyn kept his word, and waiving ceremony, took his wife at once to the Holt, and leaving her with Miss Charlecote, made a visit to Owen in the study, wishing, in the first place, to satisfy himself of the young man's competence to reply to his questions. On this he had no doubt; Owen had made steady progress ever since he had been in England, and especially during the quiet time that had succeeded his sister's marriage. His mental powers had fully regained their keenness and balance, and though still incapable of sustained exertion of his faculties, he could talk as well as ever, and the first ten minutes convinced Mervyn that he was conversing with a shrewd sensible observer, who had seen a good deal of life, and of the world. He then led to the question about young Randolph, endeavoring so to frame it as not to betray the occasion of it.

The reply fully confirmed all that Phœbe had averred. The single efforts of a mere

youth, not eighteen at the time of his father's failure, without capital, and set down in a wild, uncleared part of the bush, had of course been inadequate to retrieve the ruined fortunes of the family; but he had shown wonderful spirit, patience, and perseverance, and the duteous temper in which he had borne the sacrifice of his prospects by his father's foolish speculations and unsuitable marriage, his affectionate treatment of the wife and children when left on his hands, and his cheerful endurance of the severest and most hopeless drudgery for the bare support of life, had all been such as to inspire the utmost confidence in his character. Of his future prospects, Owen spoke with a sigh almost of envy. His talent and industry had already made him a valuable assistant to Mr. Currie, and an able engineer had an almost certain career of prosperity open to him. Lastly, Mervyn asked what was the connection with Miss Charlecote, and what possibilities it held out. Owen winced for a moment, then explained the second cousinship, adding, however, that there was no entail, that the disposal of Miss Charlecote's property was entirely in her own power, and that she had manifested no intention of treating the young man with more than ordinary civility; in fact, that she had rather shrunk from acknowledging his likeness to the family. His father's English relatives had, in like manner, owned him as a kinsman; but had shown no alacrity in making friends with him. The only way to be noticed, as the two gentlemen agreed, when glad to close their conference in a laugh, is to need no notice.

"Uncommon hard on a fellow," soliloquized Owen, when left alone. "Is it not enough to have one's throat cut, but must one do it with one's own hands? It is a fine thing to be magnanimous when one thinks one is going off the stage, but quite another thing when one is to remain there. I'm no twelfth-century saint, only a nineteenth-century beggar, with an unlucky child on my hands! Am I to give away girl, land, and all to the fellow I raked out of his swamps? Better have let him grill and saved my limbs! And pray what more am I to do? I've introduced him, made no secret of his parentage, puffed him off, and brought him here, and pretty good care he takes of himself! Am I to pester poor Honey if she does prefer the child she bred up to a stranger? No,

no, I've done my part; let him look out for himself!"

Mervyn allowed to Phœbe that Randolph was no impostor, but warned her against assuming his consent. She suspected that Owen at least guessed the cause of these inquiries, and it kept her aloof from the Holt. When Miss Charlecote spoke of poor Owen's want of spirits, discretion told her that she was not the person to enliven him; and the consciousness of her secret made her less desirous of confidences with her kind old friend, so that her good offices chiefly consisted in having little Owen at the Underwood to play with Maria, who delighted in his society, and unconsciously did much for his improvement.

Honor herself perceived that Phœbe's visits only saddened her convalescent, and that in his present state he was happiest with no one but her, who was more than ever a mother to him. They were perfectly at ease together, as she amused him with the familiar books, which did not strain his powers like new ones, the quiet household talk, the little playful exchanges of tender wit, and the fresh arrangement of all her museum on the natural system, he having all the entertainment, and she all the trouble, till her conversion astonished Bertha. The old religious habits of the Holt likewise seemed to soothe and give him pleasure; but whether by force of old association, or from their hold on his heart, was as yet unknown to Honora, and perhaps to himself. It was as if he were deferring all demonstration till he should be able again to examine the subject with concentrated attention. Or it might be that, while he shrank from exerting himself upon Randolph's behalf, he was not ready for repentance, and therefore distrusted, and hung back from, the impulses that would otherwise have drawn him to renew all that he had once cast aside. He was never left alone without becoming deeply melancholy, yet no companionship save Honor's seemed to suit him for many minutes together. His brain was fast recovering the injury, but it was a trying convalescence; and with returning health, his perfect helplessness fretted him under all the difficulties of so tall and heavy a man being carried from bed to sofa, from sofa to carriage.

"Poor Owen!" said Phœbe to herself, one day, when she had not been able to avoid witnessing this pitiable spectacle of infirm-

ity; "I can't think why I am always fancying he is doing Humfrey and me some injustice, and that he knows it. He, who brought Humfrey home, and has praised him to Mervyn! It is very uncharitable of me, but why will he look at me as if he were asking my pardon? Well, we shall see the result of Mervyn's inspection!"

Mervyn and his wife were going for two nights to the rooms at the office, in the first lull of the bridal invitations, which were infinitely more awful to Cecily than to Phœbe. After twenty-nine years of quiet clerical life, Cecily neither understood nor liked the gayeties even of the county, had very little to say, and, unless her aunt were present, made Phœbe into a protector, and retired behind her, till Phœbe sometimes feared that Mervyn would be quite provoked, and remember his old dread lest Cecily should be too homely and bashful for her position. Poor dear Cecily! She was as good and kind as possible; but in the present close intercourse it sometimes would suggest itself to Phœbe, "was she quite as wise as she was good?"

And Miss Fennimore, with still clearer eyes, inwardly decided that, though religion should above all form the morals, yet the morality of common sense and judgment should be cultivated with an equal growth.

Cecily returned from London radiant with sisterly congratulation, in a flutter of delight with Mr. Randolph, and intimating a glorious project in the background, devised between herself and Mervyn, then guarding against possible disappointment by declaring it might be all her own fancy.

The meaning of these prognostics appeared the next morning. Mervyn had been much impressed by Humfrey Randolph's keen, business-like appearance and sensible conversation, as well as by Mr. Currie's opinion of him; and, always detesting the trouble of his own distillery, it had occurred to him that to secure an active working partner, and throw his sister's fortune into the business, would be a most convenient, generous, and brotherly means of smoothing the course of true love; and Cecily had been so enchanted at the happiness he would thus confer, that he came to the Underwood quite elevated with his own kindness.

Phœbe heard his offer with warm thankfulness, but could not answer for Humfrey.

"He has too much sense not to take a good

offer," said Mervyn, "otherwise, it is all humbug his pretending to care for you. As to Robert's folly, have not I given up all that any rational being could stick at. I tell you, it is the giving up those houses that makes me in want of capital, so you are bound to make it up to me."

Mervyn and Phœbe wrote by the same post. "I will be satisfied with whatever you decide upon as right," were Phœbe's words; but she refrained from expressing any wish. What was the use of a wise man, if he were not to be let alone to make up his mind? She would trust to him to divine what it would be to her to be thus one with her own family, and to gain him without losing her sisters. The balance must not be weighted by a woman's hand, when ready enough to incline to her side; and why should she add to his pain, if he must refuse?

How ardently she wished, however, can be imagined. She could not hide from herself pictures of herself and Humfrey, sometimes in London, sometimes at the Underwood, working with Robert, and carrying out the projects which Mervyn but half acted on, and a quarter understood.

The letter came, and the first line was decisive. In spite of earnest wishes and great regrets, Humfrey could not reconcile the trade to his sense of right. He knew that as Mervyn conducted it, it was as unobjectionable as was possible, and that the works were admirably regulated; but it was in going over the distillery as a curiosity he had seen enough to perceive that it was a line in which enterprise and exertion could only find scope by extending the demoralizing sale of spirits, and he trusted to Phœbe's agreeing with him, that when he already had a profession fairly free from temptation, it was his duty not to put himself into one that might prove more full of danger to him than to one who had been always used to it. He had not consulted Robert, feeling clear in his own mind, and thinking that he had probably rather not interfere.

Kind Humfrey! That bit of consideration filled Phœbe's heart with grateful relief. It gave her spirits to be comforted by the tender and cheering words with which the edge of the disappointment was softened, and herself thanked for her abstinence from persuasion. "Oh, better to wait seven years, with such a Humfrey as this in reserve, than to let him warp aside one inch of his sense of duty!

As high-minded as dear Robert, without his ruggedness and harshness," she thought as she read the manly, warm-hearted letter, to Mervyn, which he had enclosed, and which she could not help showing to Bertha.

It was lost on Bertha. She thought it dull and poor-spirited not to accept, and manage the distillery just as he pleased. Any one could manage Mervyn, she said, not estimating the difference between a petted sister and a junior partner, and it was a new light to her that the trade—involving so much chemistry and mechanic ingenuity—was not good enough for anybody, unless they were peacocks too stupid to appreciate the dignity of labor! For the first time Phœbe wished her secret known to Miss Charlecote, for the sake of her appreciation of his triumph of principle.

"This is Robert's doing!" was Mervyn's first exclamation, when Phœbe gave him the letter. "If there be an intolerable plague in the world, it is the having a fanatical fellow like that in the family. Nice requital for all I have thrown away for the sake of his mag-gots! I declare I'll resume every house I've let him have for his tomfooleries, and have a gin bottle blown as big as an ox as a sign for each of them."

Phœbe had a certain lurking satisfaction in observing, when his malediction had run itself down, "He never consulted Robert."

"Don't tell me that! As if Robert had not run about with his mouth open, reviling his father's trade, and pluming himself on keeping out of it."

"Mervyn, you know better! Robert has said no word against you! It is the facts that speak for themselves."

"The facts? You little simpleton, do you imagine that we distil the juices of little babies?"

Phœbe laughed, and he added kindly, "Come, little one, I know this is no doing of yours. You have stuck by this wicked distiller of vile liquids through thick and thin. Don't let the parson lead you or Randolph by the nose; he is far too fine a fellow for that; but come up to town with me and Cecily, as soon as Lady Caroline's bear fight is over, and make him hear reason."

"I should be very glad to go and see him, but I cannot persuade him."

"Why not?"

"When a man has made up his mind, it would be wrong to try to over-persuade him, even if I believed that I could."

"You know the alternative?"

"What?"

"Just breaking with him a little."

She smiled.

"We shall see what Crabbe and Augusta and Acton will say to your taking up with a dumpy leveller. We shall have another row. And you'll all be broken up again!"

That was by far the most alarming of his threats; but she did not greatly believe that he would bring it to pass, or that an engagement, however imprudent, conducted as hers had been, could be made a plea for accusing Miss Fennimore or depriving her of her sisters. She tried to express her thankfulness for the kindness that had prompted the original proposal, and her sympathy with his natural vexation at finding that a traffic which he had really ameliorated at considerable loss of profit, was still considered objectionable; but he silenced this at once as palaver, and went off to fetch his wife to try her arguments.

This was worse than Phœbe had expected! Cecily was too thorough a wife not to have adopted all her husband's interests, and had totally forgotten all the objections current in her own family against the manufacture of spirits. She knew that great opportunities of gain had been yielded up, and such improvements made as had converted the distillery into a model of its kind; she was very proud of it, wished every one to be happy, and Mervyn to be saved trouble, and thought the scruples injurious and overstrained. Phœbe would not contest them with her. What the daughter had learnt by degrees, might not be forced on the wife; and Phœbe would only protest against trying to shake a fixed purpose, instead of maintaining its grounds. So Cecily continued affectionately hurt, and unnecessarily compassionate, showing that a woman can hardly marry a person of tone inferior to her own without some deterioration of judgment, beneficial and elevating as her influence may be in the main.

Poor Cecily! she did the very thing that those acquainted with the ins and outs of the family had most deprecated! She dragged Robert into the affair, writing a letter, very pretty in wifely and sisterly good-will, to entreat him to take Mr. Randolph in hand, and

persuade him of the desirableness of the spirit manufacture in general, and that of the Fulmort house in particular.

The letter she received in return was intended to be very kind, but was severely grave, in simply observing that what he had not thought fit to do himself, he could not persuade another to do.

Those words somehow acted upon Mervyn as bitter and ungrateful irony; and working himself up by an account, in his own coloring, of Robert's behavior at the time of the foundation of St. Matthew's, he went thundering off to assure Phœbe that he *must* take an active partner, at all events; and that if she and Robert did not look out, he should find a moneyed man who knew what he was about, would clear off Robert's waste, and restore the place to what it had once been.

"What is your letter, Phœbe?" he asked, seeing an envelope in Robert's handwriting on her table.

Phœbe colored a little. "He has not said one word to Humfrey," she said.

"And what has he said to you? The traitor, insulting me to my wife!"

Phœbe thought for one second, then resolved to take the risk of reading all aloud, considering that whatever might be the effect, it could not be worse than that of his surmises.

"Cecily has written to me, greatly to my surprise, begging for my influence with Randolph to induce him to become partner in the house. I understand by this that he has already refused, and that you are aware of his determination; therefore I have no scruple in writing to tell you that he is perfectly right. It is true that the trade, as Mervyn conducts it, is free from the most flagrant evils that deterred me from taking a share in it; and I am most thankful for the changes he has made."

"You show it, don't you?" interjected Mervyn.

"I had rather see it in his hands than those of any other person, and there is nothing blameworthy in his continuance in it. But it is of questionable expedience, and there are still hereditary practices carried on, the harm of which he has not hitherto perceived, but which would assuredly shock a new-comer such as Randolph. You can guess what would be the difficulty of obtaining alteration, and acquiescence would be

even more fatal. I do not tell you of this as complaining of Mervyn, who has done and is doing infinite good, but to warn you against the least endeavor to influence Randolph. Depend upon it, even the accelerating your marriage would not secure your happiness if you saw your husband and brother at continual variance in the details of the business, and opposition might at any moment lead Mervyn to undo all the good he has effected."

"Right enough there;" and Mervyn, who had looked furious at several sentences, laughed at last. "I must get another partner, then, who can and will manage; and when all the gin-palaces are more splendid than ever, what will you and the parson say?"

"That to do a little wrong in hopes of hindering another from doing worse, never yet succeeded!" said Phœbe, bravely.

She saw that the worst was over when he had come to that laugh, and that the danger of a quarrel between the brothers was averted. She did not know from how much terror and self-reproach poor Cecily was suffering, nor her multitudinous resolutions against kindly interferences upon *terra incognita*.

That fit of wrath subsided, and Mervyn neither looked out for his moneyed partner, nor fulfilled his threat of bringing the united forces of the family displeasure upon his sister. Still there was a cloud overshadowing the enjoyment, though not lessening the outward harmony of those early bridal days. The long, dark drives to the county gayeties, shut up with Mervyn and Cecily, were formidable by the mere existence of a topic, never mentioned, but always secretly dwelt on. And in spite of three letters a week, Phœbe was beginning to learn that trust does not fully make up to the heart for absence, by the distance of London to estimate that of Canada, and by the weariness of one month, the tedium of seven years!

"Yet," said Bertha to Cecily, "Phœbe is so stupidly like herself now she is engaged, that it is no fun at all. Nobody would guess her to be in love! If they cared for each other one rush, would not they have floated to bliss even on streams of gin?"

Cecily would not dispute their mutual love but she was not one of those who could fully understand the double force of that love which is second to love of principle. Obedience,

not judgment, had been her safeguard, and, like most women, she was carried along, not by the abstract idea, but by its upholder.

Intuition, rather than what actually passed before her, showed Phoebe more than once that Cecily was sorely perplexed by the difference between the standard of Sutton and that of Beauchamp. Strict, scrupulous, and deeply devout, the clergyman's daughter suffered at every deviation from the practices of the parsonage, made her stand in the wrong places, and while conscientiously and painfully fretting Mervyn about petty details, would be unknowingly carried over far greater stumbling-blocks. In her ignorance she would be distressed at habits which were comparatively innocent, and then fear to put forth her influence at the right moment. There was hearty affection on either side, and Mervyn was exceedingly improved, but more than once Phoebe saw in poor Cecily's harassed, puzzled, wistful face, and heard in her faltering remonstrances, what it was to have loved and married without perfect esteem and trust.

CHAPTER XX.

"Get thee an ape, and trudge the land
The leader of a juggling band."

—SCOTT.

"MASTER HOWEN, Master Howen, you must not go up the best stairs."

"But I will go up the best stairs. I don't like the nasty, dark, back stairs!"

"Let me take off your boots, then, sir; Mrs. Stubbs said she could not have such dirty marks—"

"I don't care for Mrs. Stubbs! I won't take my boots off! Get off—I'll kick you if you touch them! I shall go where I like! I'm a gentleman. I shall ave hall the Olt for my very hown!"

"Master Howen! Oh, my!"

For Flibbertigibbet's teeth were in the crack orphan's neck, and the foot that she had not seized kicking like a vicious colt, when a large hand seized him by the collar, and lifted him in mid-air; and the crack orphan, looking up as though the oft-invoked "ugly man" of her infancy had really come to bear off naughty children, beheld for a moment, propped against the door-post, the tall figure and bearded head hitherto only seen on the sofa.

The next instant the child had been swung

into the study, and the apparition, stumbling with one hand and foot to the couch, said breathlessly to the frightened girl, "I am sorry for my little boy's shameful behavior! Leave him here. Owen, stay."

The child was indeed standing, as if powerless to move or even cry, stunned by his flight in the air, and dismayed at the terrific presence in which he was for the first time left alone. Completely roused and excited, the elder Owen sat upright, speaking not loud, but in tones forcible from vehement feeling.

"Owen, you boast of being a gentlemen! Do you know what we are? We are beggars! I can neither work for myself nor for you. We live on charity. That girl earns her bread—we do not! We are beggars! Who told you otherwise?"

Instead of an answer, he only evoked a passion of frightened tears, so piteous, that he spoke more gently, and stretched out his hand; but his son shook his frock at him in terror, and retreated out of reach, backwards into a corner, replying to his calls and assurances with violent sobs, and broken entreaties to go back to "granma."

At last, in despair, Owen lowered himself to the floor, and made the whole length of his person available; but the child, in the extremity of terror at the giant crawling after him, shrieked wildly, and made a rush at the door, but was caught, and at once drawn within the grasp of the sweeping arm.

All was still. He was gathered up to the broad breast; the hairy cheek was gently pressed against his wet one. It was a great, powerful, encircling caress that held him. There was a strange thrill in this contact between the father and son—a new sensation of intense loving pity in the one, a great but soothing awe in the other, as struggling and crying no more, he clung ever closer and closer, and drew the arm tighter round him.

"My poor little fellow!" And never had there been such sweetness in those deep, full tones.

The boy responded with both arms round his neck, and face laid on his shoulder. Poor child! it was the affection that his little heart had hungered for ever since he had left his grandmother, and which he had inspired in no one.

A few more seconds, and he was sitting on

the floor, resting against his father, listening without alarm to his question, "Now, Owen, what were you saying?"

"I'll never do it again, pa—never!"

"No, never be disobedient, nor fight with girls. But what were you saying about the Holt?"

"I shall live here—I shall have it for my own."

"Who told you so?"

"Granma."

"Grandmamma knows nothing about it."

"Sha'n't I, then?"

"Never! Listen, Owen. This is Miss Charlecote's house as long as she lives—I trust till long after you are a man. It will be Mr. Randolph's afterwards, and neither you nor I have any thing to do with it."

The two great black eyes looked up in inquiring, disappointed intelligence. Then he said, in a satisfied tone,—

"We aint beggars—we don't carry rabbit-skins and lucifers!"

"We do nothing so useful or profitable," sighed poor Owen, striving to pull himself up by the table, but desisting on finding that it was more likely to over-balance than to be a support. "My poor boy, you will have to work for me!" and he sadly stroked down the light hair.

"Shall I?" said the little fellow. "May I have some white mice? I'll bring you all the half-pence, pa!"

"Bring me a footstool, first of all. There—at this rate I shall be able to hop about on one leg, and be a more taking spectacle!" said Owen, as dragging himself up by the force of hand and arm, he resettled himself on his couch, as much pleased as amazed at his first personal act of locomotion after seven months, and at the discovery of recovered strength in the sound limbs. Although with the reserve of convalescence, he kept his exploit secret, his spirits visibly rose; and whenever he was left alone, or only with his little boy, he repeated his experiments, launching himself from one piece of furniture to another; and in spite of the continued deadness of the left side, feeling life, vigor, and hope returning on him.

His morbid shyness of the child had given way to genuine affection, and Owen soon found that he liked to be left to the society of Flibbertigibbet, or as he called him for short, Giblets, exacting in return the title of father,

instead of the terrible "pa." Little Owen thought this a preparation for the itinerant white-mouse exhibition, which he was permitted to believe was only delayed till the daily gymnastics exertions should have resulted in the use of crutches, and till he could safely pronounce the names of the future mice, Hannibal and Annabella, and other traps for aspirates! Nay, his father was going to set up an exhibition of his own, as it appeared; for after a vast amount of meditation, he begged for pen and paper, ruler and compasses, drew, wrote, and figured, and finally took to cardboard and penknife, begging the aid of Miss Charlecote, greatly to the distress of the little boy, who had thought the whole affair private and confidential, and looked forward to a secret departure early in the morning, with crutches, mice, and model.

Miss Charlecote did her best with needle and gum, but could not understand; and between her fears of trying Owen's patience and letting him overstrain his brain, was so much distressed that he gave it up; but it preyed on him, till one day Phœbe came in, and he could not help explaining it to her, and claiming her assistance, as he saw her ready comprehension. For two afternoons she came and worked under him; and between card, wire, gum, and watch-spring, such a beautiful little model locomotive engine and train were produced, that Owen archly assured her that "she would be a fortune in herself to a rising engineer," and Honor was struck by the sudden crimson evoked by the compliment.

Little Owen thought their fortune made, and was rather disappointed at the delay, when his father, confirming his idea that their livelihood might depend on the model, insisted that it should be carried out in brass and wood, and caused his chair to be frequently wheeled down to the blacksmith's and carpenter's, whose comprehension so much more resembled their lady's than that of Miss Fulmort, and who made such intolerable blunders, that he bestowed on them more vituperation than, in their opinion, "he had any call to;" and looked in a passion of despair at the numb, nerveless fingers, once his dexterous servants.

Still his spirits were immensely improved, since resolution, hope, and independence had returned. His mental faculties had recovered their force, and with the removal of the

disease, the healthfulness and elasticity of his twenty-five years were beginning to compensate for the lost powers of his limbs. As he accomplished more, he grew more enterprising and less disinclined to show off his recovered powers. He first alarmed, then delighted Honor; begged for crutches, and made such good use of them, that Dr. Martyn held out fair hopes of progress, though advising a course of rubbing and sea-air at Brighton.

Perhaps Honor had never been happier than during these weeks of improvement, with her boy so completely her own, and more than she had ever known him; his dejection lessening, his health returning, his playfulness brilliant, his filial fondness most engaging. She did not know the fixed resolution that actuated him, and revived the entire man! She did not know what was kept in reserve till confidence in his efficiency should dispose her to listen favorably. Meantime the present was so delightful to her that she trembled and watched lest she should be relapsing into the old idolatry. The test would be whether she would put Owen above or below a clear duty.

The audit of farm-accounts before going to Brighton was as unsatisfactory as the last. Though not beyond her own powers of unravelling, they made it clear that Brooks was superannuated. It was piteous to see the old man seated in the study, racking his brains to recollect the transaction with Farmer Hodnet about seed-wheat and working oxen; to explain for what the three extra laborers had been put on, and to discover his own meaning in charging twice over for the repairs of Joe Littledale's cottage; angered and upset by his mistress' gentle cross-examination, and enraged into absolute disrespect when that old object of dislike, Mr. Sandbrook, looked over the books, and muttered suggestions under his moustache.

"Poor old man!" both exclaimed, as he left the room, and Honor sighed deeply over this failure of the last of the supports left her by Humfrey. "I must pension him off," she said. "I hope it will not hurt his feelings much!" and then she turned away to her old-fashioned bureau, and applied herself to her entries in her farming-books, while Owen sat in his chair, dreamily caressing his beard, and revolving the proposition that had long been in his mind.

At last the tall, red book was shut, the pen wiped, the bureau locked, and Honor came back to her place by the table, and resumed her needlework. Still there was silence, till she began: "This settles it! I have been thinking about it ever since you have been so much better. Owen, what should you think of managing the property for me?"

He only answered by a quick interrogative glance.

"You see," she continued, "by the help of Brooks, who knew his master's ways, I have pottered on, to my own wonderment; but Brooks is past work, my downhill-time is coming, high farming has outrun us both, and I know that we are not doing as Humfrey would wish by his inheritance. Now I believe that nothing could be of greater use to me, the people, or the place, than that you should be in charge. We could put some deputy under your control, and contrive for your getting about the fields. I would give you so much a year, so that your boy's education would be your own doing, and we should be so comfortable."

Owen leant back, much moved, smiled and said, "Thanks, dear Honor; you are much too good to us."

"Think about it, and tell me what would be right. Brooks has £100 a year, but you will be worth much more, for you will develop all the resources, you know."

"Best Honor, sweetest Honey," said Owen, hastily, the tears rising to his eyes, "I cannot bear to frustrate such kind plans, nor seem more ungrateful than I have been already. I will not live on you for nothing longer than I can help; but indeed, this must not be."

"Not?"

"No. There are many reasons against it. In the first place, I know nothing of farming."

"You would soon learn."

"And vex your dear old spirit with steam-ploughs and haymaking machines."

She smiled, as if from him she could endure even steam.

"Next, such an administration would be highly distasteful here. My overweening airs as a boy have not been forgotten, and I have always been looked on as an interloper. Depend on it, poor old Brooks fancies the muddle in his accounts was a suggestion of my malice! Imagine the feelings of Hiltonbury,

when I, his supplanter, begin to tighten the reins."

"If it be so, it can be got over," said Honor, a little aghast.

"If it ought to be attempted," said Owen; "but you have not heard my personal grounds for refusing your kindness. All your goodness and kind teaching cannot prevent the undesirableness of letting my child grow up here, in a half and half position, engendering domineering airs and unreasonable expectations. You know how, in spite of your care and warnings, it worked on me, though I had more advantages than that poor little man. Dear Honor, it is not you, but myself that I blame. You did your utmost to disabuse me, and it is only the belief that my absurd folly is in human nature that makes me thus ungracious."

"But," said Honora, murmuring as if in shame, "you know you, and therefore your child, must be my especial charge, and always stand first with me."

"First in your affection, dearest Honey," he said, fondly; "I trust I have been in that place these twenty years; I'll never give that up; but if I get as well as I hope to do, I mean to be no charge on any one."

"You cannot return to your profession?"

"My riding and surveying days are over, but there's plenty of work in me still; and I see my way to a connection that will find me in enough of writing, calculating, and drawing, to keep myself and Owen, and I expect to make something of my invention too, when I am settled in London."

"In London?"

"Yes; the poor old woman in Whittington Street is breaking—pining for her grandchild, I believe, and losing her lodgers, from not being able to make them comfortable; and, without what she had for the child, she cannot keep an effective servant. I think of going to help her out."

"That woman?"

"Well, I do owe her a duty! I robbed her of her own child, and it is cruel to deprive her of mine when she has had all the trouble of his babyhood. Money would not do the thing, even if I had it. I have brought it on myself, and it is the only atonement in my power; so I mean to occupy two or three of her rooms, work there, and let her have the satisfaction of 'doing for me.' When you are in town, I shall hop into Woolstone

Lane. You will give me holidays here, wont you? And whenever you want me, let me be your son! To that you know I reserve my right," and he bent towards her affectionately.

"It is very right—very noble," she was faltering forth. He turned quickly, the tears, ready to fall, springing quite forth.

"Honor! you have not been able to say that since I was a child! Do not spoil it. If this be right, leave it so."

"Only one thing, Owen, are you sufficiently considering your son's good in taking him there, out of the way of a good education?"

"A working education is the good one for him," said Owen, "not the being sent at the cost of others—not even covertly at yours, sweet Honey—to an expensive school. He is a working man's son, and must so feel himself. I mean to face my own penalties in him, and if I see him in a grade inferior to what was mine by birth, I shall know that though I brought it on him, it is more for his real good and happiness to be a man of the people, than a poor half-acknowledged gentleman. So much for my Americanisms, Honor!"

"But the dissent—the cant!"

"Not so much cant as real piety obtrusively expressed. Poor old thing! I have no fear but that little Giblets will go my way! he worships me, and I shall not leave his *k's* or more important matters to her mercy. He is nearly big enough for the day school Mr. Parsons is setting on foot. It is a great consideration that the place is in the St. Matthew's district!"

"Well, Owen, I cannot but see that it may be your rightest course; I hope you may find yourself equal to it," said Honor, struggling with a fresh sense of desertion, though with admiration and esteem returning, such as were well worth the disappointment.

"If not," said Owen, smiling, to hide deeper feelings, "I reserve to you the pleasure of maintaining me, nursing me, or what not. If my carcass be good for nothing, I hereby make it over to you. And now, Honor, I have not been without thought for you. I can tell you of a better successor for Brooks."

"Well!" she said, almost crossly.

"Humfrey Charlecote Randolph," said Owen, slowly, giving full effect to the two Christian names.

Honor started, gasped, and snatching at the first that occurred of her objections, exclaimed, "But, my dear, he is as much an engineer as yourself."

"From necessity, not choice. He farmed till last August."

"Canadian farming! Besides, what nonsense to offer a young man, with all the world before him, to be bailiff of this little place."

"It would, were he only to stand in Brook's position; but if he were the acknowledged heir, as he ought to be—yes, I know I am saying a dreadful thing—but, my good Queen Elizabeth, your grace would be far wiser to accept Jamie at once than to keep your subjects fretting over your partialities. He will be a worthy Humfrey Charlecote if you catch and pin him down young. He will be worthy any way, but if you let him go levelling and roaming over the world for the best half of his life, this same Holt will lose its charms for him and his heirs forever."

"But—but how can you tell that he would be caught and pinned?"

"There is a very sufficient pin at the Underwood."

"My dear Owen, impossible!"

"Mind, no one has told me in so many words, but Mervyn Fulmort gave me such an examination on Randolph as men use to do when matrimony is in the wind; and since that, he inferred the engagement, when he came to me in no end of a rage, because my backwoodsman had conscientious scruples against partaking in the concoction of evil spirits."

"Do you mean that Mervyn wants to employ him?"

"To take him into partnership, on the consideration of a certain thirty thousand. You may judge whence that was to come! And he, like Robert, declined to live by murdering bodies and souls. I am afraid Mervyn has been persecuting them ever since."

"Ever since what?"

"This last conversation was some three weeks ago. I suspect the principal parties settled it on that snowy Twelfth-day—"

"But which of them, Owen?"

"Which?" exclaimed Owen, laughing. "The goggle or the squint?"

"For shame, Owen. But I cannot believe that Phoebe would not have told me!"

"Having a sister like Lady Bannerman may hinder confidences to friends."

"Now, Owen, are you sure?"

"As sure as I was that it was a moon-struck man that slept in my room in Woolstone Lane. I knew that Cynthia's darts had been as effective as though he had been a son of Niobe!"

"I don't believe it yet," cried Honor; "an honorable man—a sensible girl! Such a wild thing!"

"Ah! Queen Elizabeth! Queen Elizabeth! shut up an honorable man and a sensible girl in a cedar parlor every evening for ten days, and then talk of wild things! Have you forgotten what it is to be under twenty-five?"

"I hate Queen Elizabeth," said Honor, somewhat tartly.

He muttered something of an apology, and resumed his book. She worked on in silence, then looking up said, rather as if rejoiced in a valid objection, "How am I to know that this man is first in the succession? I am not suspecting him of imposition. I believe that, as you say, his mother was a Charlecote, but how do I know that she had not half a dozen brothers. There is no obligation on me to leave the place to any one, but this youth ought not to come before others."

"That is soon answered," said Owen. "The runaway, your grandfather's brother, led a wild, Leather-Stocking life, till he was getting on in years, then married, luckily not a squaw, and died at the end of the first year, leaving one daughter, who married Major Randolph, and had this only son."

"The same relation to me as Humfrey! Impossible! And pray how do you prove this?"

"I got Currie to make notes for me which I can get at in my room," said Owen. "You can set your lawyer to write to the places, and satisfy yourself without letting him know any thing about it."

"Has he any expectations?"

"I imagine not. I think he has never found out that our relationship is not on the Charlecote side."

"Then it is the more—impertinent, I really must say, in him to pay his addresses to Phoebe, if he have done so."

"I can't agree with you. What was her

father but an old distiller, who made his fortune and married an heiress? You sophisticated old Honey, to expect him to be dazzled with her fortune, and look at her from a respectful distance! I thought you believed that 'a man's a man for a' that,' and would esteem the bold spirit of the man of progress."

"Progress, indeed!" said Honor, ironically.

"Listen, Honor," said Owen, "you had better accuse me of this fortune-hunting which offends you. I have only obeyed Fate, and so will you. From the moment I met him, he seemed as one I had known of old. It was Charlecotism, of course; and his signature filled me with presentiment. Nay, though the fire and the swamp have become mere hearsay to me now, I still retain the recollection of the impression throughout my illness that he was to be all that I might have been. His straightforward good sense and manly innocence brought Phæbe before me, and Currie tells me that I had fits of hatred to him as my supplanter, necessary as his care was to me."

Honor just stopped herself from exclaiming, "Never!" and changed it into "My own dear, generous boy!"

"You forget that I thought it was all over with me! The first sensations I distinctly remember were as I lay on my bed at Montreal, one Sunday evening, and saw him sitting in the window, his profile clearly cut against the light, and retracing all those old silhouettes over the mantelshelf. Then I remembered that it had been no sick delusion, but truth and verity, that he was the missing Charlecote! And feeling far more like death than life, I was glad that you should have some one to lean on of your own sort; for, Honor, it was his Bible that he was reading!—one that he had saved out of the fire. I thought it was a lucid interval allowed me for the sake of giving you a better son and support than I had been, and looked forward to your being happy with him. As soon as I could get Currie alone, I told him how it stood, and made him take notes of the evidence of his identity, and promise to make you understand it if I were dead or childish. My best hope was to see him accepted as my expiation; but when I got back, and you wouldn't have him at any price, and I found

myself living and lifelike, and had seen her again—"

"Her? Phæbe? My poor boy, you do not mean—"

"I do mean that I was a greater fool than you even took me for," said Owen, with rising color. "First and last, that pure child's face and honest, plain words had an effect on me which nothing else had. The other affair was a mere fever by comparison, and half against my will!"

"Owen!"

"Yes, it was. When I was with that poor thing, her fervor carried me along; and as to the marriage, it was out of short-sighted dread of the uproar that would have followed if I had not done it. Either she would have drowned herself, or her mother would have prosecuted me for breach of promise, or she would have proclaimed all to Lucy or Mr. Prendergast. I hadn't courage for either; though, Honor, I had nearly told you the day I went to Ireland, when I felt myself done for."

"You were married then?"

"Half an hour!" said Owen, with something of a smile, and a deep sigh. "If I had spoken, it would have saved a life! but I could not bear to lose my place with you, nor to see that sweet face turned from me."

"You must have known that it would come out in time, Owen. I never could understand your concealment."

"I hardly can," said Owen, "except that one shuffles off unpleasant subjects! I did fancy I could stave it off till Oxford was over, and I was free of the men there; but that notion might have been a mere excuse to myself for putting off the evil day. I was too much in debt, too, for an open rupture with you; and as to her, I can truly say that my sole shadow of an excuse is that I was too young and selfish to understand what I was inflicting!" He passed his hand over his face, and groaned, as he added, "Well, that is over now; and at last I can bear to look at her child!" Then recurring in haste to the former subject, "You were asking about Phæbe! Yes, when I saw the fresh face, ennobled, but as simple as ever, the dog in the manger seemed to me a reasonable beast! Randolph's admiration was a bitter pill. If I were to be nailed here forever, I could not well spare the moonbeams

from my prison! But that's over now—it was a diseased fancy! I have got my boy now, and can move about; and when I get into harness, and am in the way of seeing people, and maturing my invention, I shall never think of it again."

"Ah! I am afraid that is all I can wish for you!"

"Don't wish it so pitifully, then," said Owen, smiling. "After having had no hope of her for five years, and being the poor object I am, this is no such great blow, and I am come to the mood of benevolence in which I really desire nothing so much as to see them happy."

"I will think about it," said Honor.

And though she was bewildered and disappointed, the interview had, on the whole, made her happier, by restoring the power of admiring as much as she loved. Yet it was hard to be required to sacrifice the interests of one whom she adored, her darling, who might need help so much, to do justice to a comparative stranger; and the more noble and worthy Owen showed himself, the less willing was she to decide on committing herself to his unconscious rival. Still, did the test of idolatry lie here?

She perceived how light-hearted this conversation had rendered Owen, as though he had thrown off a weight that had long been oppressing him. He was overflowing with fun and drollery throughout the journey; and though still needing a good deal of assistance at all changes of carriage, showed positive boyish glee in every feat he could accomplish for himself; and instead of shyly shrinking from the observation and casual help of fellow-travellers, gave ready smiles and thanks.

Exhilarated instead of wearied by the journey, he was full of enjoyment of the lodgings, the window, and the view; a new spring of youthfulness seemed to have come back to him, and his animation and enterprise carried Honor along with him. Assuredly she had never known more thorough present pleasure than in his mirthful, affectionate talk, and in the sight of his daily progress towards recovery; and a still greater happiness was in store for her. On the second day, he begged to accompany her to the week-day service at the neighboring church, previously sending in a request for the offer-

ing of the thanks of Owen Charteris Sandbrook for preservation in a great danger, and recovery from severe illness.

"Dearest," she said, "were I to recount my causes of thanksgiving, I should not soon have done! This is best of all."

"Not fully *best* yet, is it?" said Owen, looking up to her with eyes like those of his childhood.

"No; but it soon will be."

"Not yet," said Owen; "I must think first; perhaps write or talk to Robert Fulmort. I feel as if I *could* now."

"You long for it?"

"Yes, as I never even *thought* I did," said Owen, with much emotion. "It was strange, Honor, as soon as I came home to the old places, how the old feelings, that had been set aside so long, came back again. I would have given the world to recover them in Canada, but could only envy Randolph, till they woke up again of themselves at the sight of the study, and the big Bible we used to read with you."

"Yet you never spoke."

"No; I *could* not till I had proved to myself that there was no time-serving in them, if you must know the truth!" said Owen, coloring a little. "Besides, having been told my wits would go, how did I know but that they were a symptom of my second childhood?"

"How could any one have been so cruel as to utter such a horrible presage?"

"One overhears and understands more than people imagine, when one has nothing to do but to lie on the broad of one's back and count the flies," said Owen. "So, when I was convinced that my machine was as good as ever, but only would not stand application, I put off the profession, just to be sure what I should think of it when I could *think*."

"Well!" was all Honor could say, gazing through glad tears.

"And now, Honor dear," said he, with a smile, "I don't know how it is. I've tried experiments on my brains. I have gone through half a dozen tough calculations. I have read over a Greek play, and made out a problem or two in mechanics, without being the worse for it; but, somehow, I can't for the life of me hark back to the opinions that had such power over me at

Oxford. I can't even recollect the half of them. It is as if that hemlock spruce had battered them out of my head."

"Even like as a dream when one awaketh."

"Something like it! Why, even *unknownst* to you, sweet Honey, I got at one or two of the books I used to swear by, and somehow I could not see the force of what they advanced. There's a futility about it all, compared with the substance."

"Before, you did not believe with your heart, so your understanding failed to be convinced."

"Partly so," said Owen, thoughtfully.

"The fact is, that religion is so much proved to the individual by personal experience and actual sensation, that those who reason from without are on different ground, and the *avvocato del diavolo* has often apparently the advantage, because the other party's security is that witness in his own breast which cannot be brought to light."

"Only apparently."

"Really sometimes, with the lookers-on who have accepted the doctrines without feeling them. They, having no experience, feel the failure of evidence, where the tangible ends."

"Do you mean to say that this was the case with yourself, my dear? I should have thought, if ever child were good—"

"So did I," said Owen, smiling. "I simulated the motions to myself and every one else; and there was a grain of reality, after all; but neither you nor I ever knew how much was mere imitation and personal influence. When I outgrew implicit faith in *you*, I am afraid my higher faith went with it—first through recklessness, then through questioning. After believing more than enough, the transition is easy to doubting what is worthy of credit at all."

"From superstition to rationalism."

"Yes; overdoing articles of faith and observances, while the mind and conscience are young and tender, brings a dangerous reaction when liberty and independent reflection begin."

"But, Owen, I may have overdone observances, yet I did not 'hatch superstitions,'" said Honor.

"Not consciously," said Owen. "You meant to teach me dogmatically only what you absolutely believed yourself. But you did not know how boundless is a child's readiness to accept what comes as from a spiritual authority, or you would have drawn the line more strongly between doctrine and opinion, fact and allegory, the true and the edifying."

"In effect, I treated you as the Romish Church began by doing to the populace."

"Exactly so. Like the mediæval populace, I took legend for fact; and like the modern populace, doubted of the whole together, instead of sifting. There is my confession, Honor dear. I know you are happier for hearing it in full; but remember, my errors are not chargeable upon you. If I had ever been true towards myself or you, and acted out what I thought I felt, I should have had the personal experience that would have protected the truth when the pretty superstructure began to pass away."

"What you have undertaken now is an acting out!"

"I hope it is. Therefore it is the first time that I have ever trusted myself to be in earnest. And after all, Honor, though it is a terrible past to look back on, it is so very pleasant to be coming *home*, and to realize mercy and pardon, and hopes of doing better, that I can't feel half the broken-down sorrow that perhaps ought to be mine. It won't stay with me, when I have you before me."

Honor could not be uneasy. She was far too glad at heart for that. The repentance was proving itself true by its fruits, and who could be anxious because the gladness of forgiveness overpowered the pain of contrition?

Her inordinate affection had made her blind and credulous where her favorite was concerned, so as to lead to his seeming ruin, yet when the idol throne was overturned, she had learnt to find sufficiency in her Maker, and to do offices of love without excess. Then after her time of loneliness, the very darling of her heart had been restored, when it was safe for her to have him once more; but so changed that he himself guarded against any recurrence to the old exclusive worship.

CHAPTER XXI.

"But the pine woods waved,
And the white streams raved.
They told me in my need,
That softness and feeling
Were not soul-healing;
And so it was decreed—

That the marvellous flowers of woman's duty,
Should grow on the grave of buried beauty."

—FABER.

EASTER was at hand, and immediately after it, Mr. Currie was to return to Canada to superintend the formation of the Grand Ottawa and Superior line. He and his assistants were hard at work on the specifications, when a heavy tap and tramp came up the stairs, and Owen Sandbrook stood before them, leaning on his crutch, and was greeted with joyful congratulations on being on his legs again.

"Randolf," he said, hastily, "Miss Charlcote is waiting in the carriage to speak to you. Give me your pen."

"I shall be back in an instant."

"Time will show. Where are you?—'such sleepers to be—' I see. Down with you."

"Yes; never mind hurrying back," said the engineer; "we can get this done without you"—and as the door closed—"and a good deal beside. I hear you have put it in train."

"I have every reason to hope so. Does he guess?"

"Not a whit, as far as I can tell. He has been working hard, and improving himself in his leisure. He would have made a first-rate engineer. It is really hard to be robbed of two such assistants one after the other."

Meanwhile Honor had spent those few moments in trepidation. She had brought herself to it at last! The lurking sense of injustice had persuaded her that it was crossing her conscience to withhold the recognition of her heir, so soon as she had received full evidence of his claims and his worthiness. Though she had the power, she felt that she had not the right to dispose of her property otherwise; and such being the case, it was a duty to make him aware of his prospects, and offer him such a course as should best enable him to take his future place in the county. Still it was a severe struggle. Even with her sense of insufficiency, it was hard to resign any part of the power that she had so long exercised; she felt that it was a risk to put her happiness into unknown hands, and perhaps because

she had had this young man wellnigh thrust on her, and had heard him so much lauded, she almost felt antagonistic to him as a rival of Owen, and could have been glad if any cause for repudiating him would have arisen? Even the favor that he had met with in Phœbe's eyes was no recommendation. She was still sore at Phœbe's want of confidence in her; she took Mervyn's view of his presumption, and moreover it was another prize borne off from Owen. Poor dear Honor, she never made a greater sacrifice to principle than when she sent her William off to Normandy to summon her Edgar Atheling.

She did not imagine that she had it in her to have hated any one so much.

Yet, somehow, when the bright, open face appeared, it had the kindred, familiar air, and the look of eagerness so visibly fell at the sight of her alone in the carriage, that she could not defend herself from a certain amusement and interest, while she graciously desired him to get in, and drive with her round the park, since she had something to tell him that could not be said in a hurry. Then, as he looked up in inquiry, suspecting, perhaps, that she had heard of his engagement, she rushed at once to the point.

"I believe you know," she said, "that I have no nearer relation than yourself?"

"Not Sandbrook?" he asked, in surprise.

"He is on my mother's side. I speak of my own family. When the Holt came to me, it was as a trust for my lifetime to do my best for it, and to find out to whom afterwards it should belong. I was told that the direct heir was probably in America. Owen Sandbrook has convinced me that you are that person."

"Thank you," began young Randolf, somewhat embarrassed; "but I hope that this will make little difference to me for many years!"

Did he underrate the Holt, the wretch, or was it civility. She spoke a little severely. "It is not a considerable property, but it gives a certain position, and it should make a difference to you to know what your prospects are."

The color flushed into his cheeks as he said, "True! It may have a considerable effect in my favor. Thank you for telling me;" and then paused, as though considering whether to volunteer more, but as yet her manner was not encouraging, but had all the dryness of effort.

"I have another reason for speaking," she continued. "It is due to you to warn you that the estate wants looking after. I am unequal to the requirements of modern agriculture, and my faithful old bailiff, who was left to me by my dear cousin, is past his work. Neither the land nor the people are receiving full justice."

"Surely, Sandbrook could find a trustworthy steward," returned the young man.

"Nay, had you not better, according to his suggestion, come and live on the estate yourself, and undertake the management, with an allowance in proportion to your position as the heir?"

Her heart beat high with the crisis, and she saw his color deepen from scarlet to crimson as he said, "My engagement with Mr. Currie—"

"Mr. Currie knows the state of things. Owen Sandbrook has been in communication with him, and he does not expect to take you back with him, unless you prefer the variety and enterprise of your profession to becoming a country gentleman of moderate means." She almost hoped that he would, as she named the rental and the proposed allowance, adding, "The estate must eventually come to you, but it is for you to consider whether it may not be better worth having if, in the interim, it be under your superintendence."

He had had time to grow more familiar with the idea, and spoke readily and frankly. "Indeed, Miss Charlecote, I need no inducement. It is the life I should prefer beyond all others, and I can only hope to do my duty by you, and whatever you may think fit to entrust to me." And, almost against her will, the straightforward honesty of his look brought back to her the countenance where she had always sought for help.

"Then your past misfortunes have not given you a distaste to farming?"

"They did not come from farming, but speculation. I was brought up to farm work, and am more at home in it than in any thing else, so that I hope I could be useful to you."

She was silent. Oh, no; she had not the satisfaction of being displeased. He was ready enough, but not grasping; and she found herself seeing more of the Charlecote in him, and liking him better than she was

"Miss Charlecote," he said, after a few moments' thought, "in the relations you are establishing between us, it is right that you should know the full extent of the benefits you are conferring."

It was true, then? Well, it was better than a New World lady, and Honora contrived to look pleasantly expectant.

"I know it was very presumptuous," he said; "but I could not help making my feelings known to one who is very dear to you—Miss Fulmort."

"Indeed she is," said Honor; though maybe poor Phæbe had of late been a shade less dear to her.

"And with your consent," said he, perhaps a little disconcerted by her want of warmth, "I hope this kindness of yours may abridge the term of waiting to which we looked forward."

"What were you waiting for?"

"Until such time as I could provide a home to which she could take her sister Maria. So you see what you have done for us."

"Maria?"

"Yes, she promised her mother, on her deathbed, that Maria should be her charge, and no one could wish her to lay it aside."

"And the family are aware of the attachment?"

"The brothers are, and have been kinder than I dared to expect. It was thought better to tell no one else until we could see our way; but you have a right to know now, and I have the more hope that you will find comfort in the arrangement, since I know how warmly and gratefully she feels towards you. I may tell her?" he added, with a good deal of affirmation in his question.

"What would you do if I told you not?" she asked, thawing for the first time out of her set speeches.

"I should feel very guilty and uncomfortable in writing."

"Then come home with me to-morrow, and let us talk it over," she said, acting on a mandate of Owen's which she had strenuously refused to promise to obey. "You may leave your work in Owen's hands. He wants to stay a few days in town, to arrange his plans, and, I do believe, to have the pleasure of independence; but he will come back on Saturday, and we will spend Easter together."

"Miss Charlecote," said Humfrey, suddenly,

"I have no right to ask, but I cannot but fear that my having turned up is an injury to Sandbrook."

"I can only tell you that he has been exceedingly anxious for the recognition of your rights."

"I understand now!" exclaimed Humfrey, turning towards her quickly; "he betrayed it when his mind was astray. I am thrusting him out of what would have been his!"

"It cannot be helped," began Honor; "he never expected—"

"I can say nothing against it," said the young man, with much emotion. "It is too generous to be talked of, and these are not matters of choice, but duty; but is it not possible to make some compensation?"

"I have done my best to lay up for those children," said Honor; "but his sister will need her full half, and my city property has other claimants. I own I should be glad to secure that, after me, he should not be entirely dependent upon health which, I fear, will never be sound again."

"I know you would be happier in arranging it yourself, though he has every claim on my gratitude. Could not the estate be charged with an annuity to him?"

"Thank you!" said Honor, warmly. "Such a provision will suit him best. I see that London is his element; indeed, he is so much incapacitated for a country life that the estate would have been a burden to him, could he have rightly inherited it. He is bent on self-maintenance; and all I wish is, that when I am gone, he should have something to fall back upon."

"I do not think that I can thank you more heartily for any of your benefits than for making me a party to this!" he warmly said. "But there is no thanking you; I must try to do so by deeds."

She was forced to allow that her Atheling was winning upon her!

"Two points I liked," she said to Robert, who spent the evening with her, while Owen was dining with Mr. Currie—"one that he accepted the Holt as a charge, not a gift—the other that he never professed to be marrying for *my* sake."

"Yes, he is as true as Phœbe," said Robert. "Both have real power of truth from never deceiving themselves. They perfectly suit one another."

"High praise from you, Robin. Yet how

could you forgive his declaration from so unequal a position?"

"I thought it part of his consistently honest dealing. Had she been a mere child, knowing nothing of the world, and subject to parents, it might have been otherwise; but independent and formed as she is, it was but just to avow his sentiments, and give her the choice of waiting."

"In spite of the obloquy of a poor man paying court to wealth?"

"I fancy he was too single-minded for that idea, and that it was not wealth which he courted was proved by his rejection of Mervyn's offer. Do you know, I think his refusal will do Mervyn a good deal of good. He is very restless to find out the remaining objections to his management, and Randolph will have more influence with him than I ever could, while he considers parsons as a peculiar species."

"If people would only believe the good of not compromising!"

"They must often wait a good while to see the good!"

"But, oh! the fruit is worth waiting for! Robin," she added, after a pause, "you have been in correspondence with my boy."

"Yes," said Robert; "and there, indeed, you may be satisfied. The seed you sowed in the morning is bearing its increase!"

"I sowed! Ah, Robert! what I sowed was a false crop, that had almost caused the good seed to be rooted up together with it!"

"Not altogether," said Robert. "If you made any mistakes that led to a confusion of real and unreal in his mind, still, the real good you did to him is incalculable."

"So he tells me, dear boy! But when I think what he was as a child, and what he has been as a youth, I cannot but charge it on myself."

"Then think what he is, and will be, I trust, as a man," said Robert. "Even at the worst, the higher, purer standard that had been impressed on him saved him from lower depths; and when 'he came to himself,' it was not as if he had neither known his Father's house nor the way to it. O Miss Charlecote! you must not come to me to assure you that your training of him was in vain! I, who am always feeling the difference between trying to pull him and poor Mervyn upwards! There may be more excuse for Mervyn, but Owen knows where he

is going, and springs towards it; while Mervyn wonders at himself at every stage, and always fancies the next some delusion of my straitlaced imagination."

"Ah! once I spurned, and afterwards grieved over, the saying that very religious little boys either die or belie their promise."

"There is some truth in it," said Robert, "Precocious piety is so beautiful that it is apt to be fostered so as to make it insensibly imitative and unreal, or depend upon some individual personal influence; and there is a certain reaction at one stage of growth against what has been overworked."

"Then what would you do with such a child as my Owen if it were all to come over again? His aspirations were often so beautiful that I could not but reverence them greatly; and I cannot now believe that they were prompted by aught but innocence and baptismal grace!"

"Looking back," said Robert, "I believe they were genuine, and came from his heart. No; such a devotional turn should be treated with deep reverence and tenderness; but the expression had better be almost repressed, and the test of conduct enforced, though without loading the conscience with details not of general application, and sometimes impracticable under other circumstances."

"It is the practicalness of dear Owen's reformation that makes it so thoroughly satisfactory," said Honora; "though I must say that I dread the experiment. You will look after him, for this week, Robert; I fear he is overdoing himself in his delight at moving about and working again."

"I will see how he gets on. It will be a good essay for the future."

"I cannot think how he is ever to bear living with Mrs. Murrell."

"She is a good deal broken and subdued, and is more easily repressed than one imagines at her first onset. Besides, she is very proud, and rather afraid, of him, and will not molest him much. Indeed, it is a good arrangement for him; he ought to have care above that of the average landlady."

"Will he get it?"

"I trust so. She has the ways of a respectable servant; and her religious principle is real, though we do not much admire its manifestation. She will be honest and careful of his wants, and look after his child, and nurse him tenderly if he require it!"

"As if any one but myself would do that! But it is right, and he will be all the better and happier for accepting his duty to her while she lives, if he can bear it."

"As he says, it is his only expiation."

"Well! I should not wonder if you saw more of me here than hitherto. A born Cockney like me gets inclined to the haunts of men as she grows old, and if your sisters and Charlecote Raymond suffice for the parish, I shall be glad to be out of sight of the improvements he will make."

"Not without your consent?"

"I shall have to consent in my conscience to what I hate in my heart."

"I am not the man to argue you away from here," said Robert, eagerly. "If you would take up the Young Woman's Association, it would be the only thing to make up for the loss of Miss Fennimore. Then the St. Wulstan's Asylum wants a lady visitor."

"My father's foundation, whence his successor ousted me, in a general sweep of troublesome ladies," said Honora. "How sore I was, and how things come round."

"We'll find work for you," cried Robert, highly exhilarated. "I should like to make out that we can't do without you."

"Why, Robin, you of all men taking to compliments!"

"It is out of self-interest. Nothing makes so much difference to me as having this house inhabited."

"Indeed," she said, highly gratified; "I thought you wanted nothing but St. Matthew's."

"Nay," said Robert, as a bright color came over his usually set and impassive countenance. "You do not want me to say what you have always been to me, and how better things have been fostered by your presence, ever since the day you let me out of Hiltonbury Church. I have often since thought it was no vain imagination that you were a good spirit sent to my rescue by Mr. Charlecote."

"Poor Robin," said Honora, her lip quivering; "it was less what I gave than what you gathered up. I barely tolerated you."

"Which served me right," said Robert, "and made me respect you. There are so few to blame me now that I need you all the more. I can hardly cede to Owen the privilege of being your only son."

"You are my autumn-singing Robin," said

Honor, too true to let him think that he could stand beside Owen in her affections, but with intense pleasure at such unwonted warmth from one so stern and reserved; it was as if he was investing her with some of the tenderness that the loss of Lucilla had left vacant, and bestowing on her the confidences to which new relations might render Phæbe less open. It was no slight preferment to be Robert Fulmort's motherly friend; and far beyond her as he had soared, she might still be the softening element in his life, as once she had been the ennobling one. If she had formed Robert, or even given one impulse such as to lead to his becoming what he was, the old maid had not lived in vain.

She was not selfish enough to be grieved at Owen's ecstasy in emancipation; and trusting to be near enough to watch over him without being in his way, she could enjoy his overflowing spirits, and detect almost a jocund sound in the thump of his crutch across the hall, as he hurried in, elated with hopes of the success of his invention, eager about the Canadian railway, delighted with the society of his congeners, and pouring out on her all sorts of information that she could not understand. The certainty that her decision was for his happiness ought surely to reconcile her to carrying home his rival in his stead.

Going down by an early train, she resolved, by Robert's advice, to visit Beauchamp at once, and give Mervyn a distinct explanation of her intentions. He was tardy in taking them in, then exclaimed, "Phæbe's teetaller! Well, he is a sharp fellow! The luck that some men have!"

"Dear Phæbe," cried Cecily; "I am so thankful that she is spared a long attachment. It was telling on her already!"

"Oh, we should have put a stop to the affair if he had gone out to Canada," roundly asserted Mervyn; "but of course he knew better—"

"Not at all—this was quite a surprise."

Mervyn recollected in time that it was best that Miss Charlecote should so imagine, and reserved for his wife's private ear his conviction that the young fellow had had this hope in his eye when refusing the partnership. Such smartness and foresight commanded his respect as a man of the world, though may be the women would not understand it. For Phæbe's interest, he must encourage the lady in her excellent intentions.

"It is very handsome in you, Miss Charlecote—very handsome—and I am perfectly unprejudiced in assuring you that you have done the very best thing for yourself. Phæbe is a good girl, and devoted to you already."

"Indeed she is," said Cecily. "She looks up to you so much!"

Somehow Honor did not want Mrs. Fulmort to assure her of this.

"And as to the place," continued Mervyn, "you could not put it into better hands to get your people out of their old world ways. A young man like that, used to farming, and with steam and mechanics at his fingers' ends, will make us all look about us."

"Perhaps," murmured poor Honor, with quailing heart.

"John Raymond and I were looking about the Holt the other day," said Mervyn, "and agreeing how much more could be made of it. Clear away some of those hedgerows—grub up a bit of copse or two—try chemical manures—drain that terrible old marsh beyond the plantation—and have up a good engine-house where you have those old ramshackle buildings at the Home Farm! Why, the place will bring in as much again, and you've hit on the very man to carry it out. He shall try all the experiments before I adopt them."

Honora felt as if she must flee! If she were to hear any more, she should be ready to banish young Randolph to Canada, were he ten times her heir. Had she lived to hear Humfrey's new barn, with the verge boards conceded to her taste, called ramshackle? And she had given her word!

As she left Beauchamp, and looked at her scraggy pine-trees cresting the hill, she felt as though they were her own no longer, and as if she had given them up to an enemy. She assured herself that nothing could be done without her free-will, and considered of the limitations that must be imposed on this frightful reformer, but her heart grew sick at the conviction that either she would have to yield, or be regarded as a mere incubus and obstruction.

With almost a passionate sense of defence of Humfrey's trees, and Humfrey's barns, she undid the gate of the fir plantations—his special favorites. The bright April sun shed clear gleams athwart the russet boles of the trees, candied by their white gum, the shadows were sharply defined, and darkened by

the dense silvered green canopy, relieved by the fresh light young shoots, culminating in white powdery clusters, or little soft crimson conelets, all redolent of fresh resinous fragrance. The wind whispered like the sound of ocean in the summit of the trees, and a nightingale was singing gloriously in the distance. All recalled Humfrey, and the day, thirty years back, when she had given him such sore pain in those very woods, grasping the shadow instead of the substance, and taking the sunshine out of his life as well as from her own. Never had she felt such a pang in thinking of that day, or in the vain imagination of how it might have been!

"Yet I believe I am doing right," she thought. "Humfrey himself might say that old things must pass away, and the past give place to the present! Let me stand once more under the tree where I gave him that answer! Shall I feel as if he would laugh at me for my shrinking, or approve me for my resolution?"

The tree was a pinaster, of lengthy foliage and ponderous cones, standing in a little shooting-path, leading from the main walk. She turned towards it and stood breathless for a moment.

There stood the familiar figure—youthful, well-knit, firm, with the open, steadfast, kindly face, but with the look of crowned exultant love that she had only once beheld, and that when his feet were already within the waters of the dark river. It was his very voice that exclaimed, "Here she is!" Had her imagination indeed called up Humfrey before her, or was he come to upbraid her with her surrender of his charge to modern innovation? But the spell was broken, for a woodland nymph in soft gray, edged with green, was instantly beside him, and that calmly glad face was no reflection of what Honora's had ever been.

"Dear, dear Miss Charlecote," cried Phæbe, springing to her; "we thought you would come home this way, so we came to meet you, and were watching both the paths."

"Thank you, my dear," said Honor. Could that man, who looked so like Humfrey, be thinking how those firs would cut up into sleepers?

"Do you know," said Phæbe, eagerly,

"he says this wood is a little likeness of his favorite place in his old home."

"I am afraid," he added, as if apologizing, "I shall always feel most at home in the smell of pine-trees."

Mervyn's predictions began to lose their force, and Honor smiled.

"But," said Phæbe, turning to her, "I was longing to beg your pardon. I did not like to have any secret from you."

"Ah! you cunning children," said Honor, finding surface work easiest; "you stole a march upon us all."

"I could not help it," said Phæbe.

They both laughed, and turning to him, she said, "Now, could I? When you spoke to me, I could only tell the truth."

"And I suppose he could not help it," said Honor.

"Of course not, if there was no reason for helping it," he said.

There could be no dwelling on the horrible things that he would perpetrate, while he looked so like the rightful squire, and while both were so fair a sight in their glad gratitude; and she found herself saying, "You will bear our name?"

There might be a pang in setting aside that of his father, but he looked at the glowing cheeks and glistening eyes beside him, and said, "Answer for me."

"It is what I should like best of all," Phæbe said, fervently.

"If we can deserve to bear it," he gravely added.

And something in his tone made Honora feel confident that, even if he should set up an engine-house, it would be only if Humfrey would have done so in his place.

"It will be belonging to you all the more," said Phæbe. "It is one great pleasure that now I shall have a right to you!"

"Yes, Phæbe, the old woman will depend on you, her 'Eastern moon brightening as day's wild lights decline.' But she will trouble you no longer. Finish your walk with Humfrey." It was the first time she had called him by that name.

"No," they said, with one voice, "we were waiting to walk home with you, if we may."

There was something in that walk, in the tender, respectful kindness with which she was treated, in the intelligent interest that

Humfrey showed in the estate, his clear-headed truthfulness on the need of change, and his delicate deference in proposing alteration, that set her heart at rest, made her feel that the "goodly heritage" was in safe hands, and that she had a staff in her hands for the first time since that Sunday in harvest.

Before the next harvest, Hiltonbury bells rang out, and the church was crowded with glad faces; but there was none more deeply joyful than that of the lonely woman with silvery hair, who quietly knelt beside the gray slab, lettered H. C., 1840, convinced that the home and people of him who lay there would be in trusty hands, when she should join him in his true inheritance. Her idols set aside, she could with clearer eyes look to that hope, though in no weariness of earth, no haste to depart, but still in full strength, ready to work for man's good and God's glory.

Beside her, as usual, was Owen, leaning on his crutch, but eminent in face and figure as the handsomest man present, and full of animation, betraying neither pain nor regret, but throughout the wedding festivities showing himself the foremost in mirth, and spurring Hiltonbury on to rejoicings that made the villagers almost oblivious of the Forest Show.

The saddest face in church was that of the head bridesmaid. Even though Phæbe was only going as far as the Holt, and Humfrey was much loved, Bertha's heart was sore with undefined regret for her own blotted past, and with the feeling of present loss in the sister whose motherly kindness she had never sufficiently recognized. Bertha knew not how much gentler and more lovable she herself was growing in that very struggle with her own sadness, and in her endeavors to be sufficient protectress for Maria. The two sisters were to remain at the Underwood with Miss Fennimore, and in her kindness, and in daily intercourse with Phæbe and Cecily, could hardly fail to be happy. Maria was radiant glad, in all the delight of her bridesmaid's adornments and of the school feasting, and above all in patronizing her pretty little niece, Elizabeth Acton, the baby bridesmaid.

It was as if allegiance to poor Juliana's dislikes had hitherto kept Sir Bevil aloof from Phæbe, and deterred him from mani-

festing his good-will; but the marriage brought him at last to Beauchamp, kind, grave, military, and melancholy as ever, and so much wrapped up in his little girl and his fancied memory of her mother, that Cecily's dislike of long attachments was confirmed by his aspect; and only her sanguine benevolence was bold enough to augur his finding a comforter in her cousin Susan.

Poor man! Lady Bannerman had been tormenting him all the morning with appeals to his own wedding as precedents for Cecily's benefit! Her instructions to Cecily were so overwhelming as to reduce that meek little lady to something approaching to annihilation; and the simple advice given by Bertha, and backed by Phæbe herself, "never to mind," appeared the summit of audacity! Long since having ceased to trouble herself as to the danger of growing too stout, Lady Bannerman, in her brocades and laces, was such a mountain of a woman that she was forced to sail up the aisle of Hiltonbury church alone in her glory, without space for a cavalier beside her!

The bridegroom's friend was his little seven years' old brother, whom he had sent for to place at a good school, and who fraternized with little Owen, a brisk little fellow, his *k's* and his manners alike doing credit to the paternal training, and preparing in due time to become a blue-gowned and yellow-legged Christ's Hospital scholar—a nomination having been already promised through Fulmort City influence.

Robert assisted Charlecote Raymond in the rite which joined together the young pair. They were goodly to look upon, in their grave, glad modesty and self-possession, and their youthful strength and fairness,—which, to Honor's mind, gave the idea of the beauty of simple strength and completeness, such as befits a well-built vessel at her launch, in all her quiet force, whether to glide over smooth waters or to battle with the tempest. Peaceful as those two faces were, there was in them spirit and resolution sufficient for either storm or calm, for it was steadfastness based upon the only strong foundation.

For the last time was signed, and with no unsteady hand, the clear, well-made letters of the maiden Phæbe Fulmort, and as, above it, the bride read the words, "Humfrey Charlecote Randolph Charlecote," she looked up to her husband with a sweet half-smile of

content and exultation, as though his name were doubly endeared, as recalling her "wise man," the revered guardian of her imagination in her orphaned girlhood.

There are years when the buds of spring are nipped by frost or blight, and when summer blossoms are rent by hail and storm, till autumn sets in without one relenting pause. Then even at the commencement of decline, comes an interval, a renewal of all that former seasons had proffered of fair and sweet; the very tokens of decay are lovely—the skies are deep calm blue, the sunsets soft gold, and the exquisite serenity and tranquil enjoyment are beyond even the bright, fitful hopes of spring. There is a tinge of melancholy, for this is a farewell, though a lingering farewell; and for that very cause the enduring flowers, the brilliant leaves, the persevering singing birds, are even more prized than those which, in earlier months, come less as present boons than foretastes of the future.

Such an Indian summer may be Honor Charlecote's present life. It is not old age, for she has still the strength and health of her best days, but it is the later stage of middle life, with experience added to energy. Her girlhood suffered from a great though high-minded mistake, her womanhood was careworn and sorrow-stricken. As first the beloved of her youth, so again the darling of

after-age, was a disappointment; but she was patient, and patience has met with a reward, even in this life. Desolateness taught her to rely no longer on things of earth, but to satisfy her soul with that Love which is individual as well as Infinite; and that lesson learnt, the human affection that once failed her is come back upon her in full measure. She is no longer forlorn; the children whom she bred up, and those whom she led by her influence, alike vie with one another in their love and gratitude.

The old house in Woolstone Lane is her home for the greater part of the winter and spring, and her chief work lies in her father's former parish, directed by Mr. Parsons and Robert, and enjoying especially the Sunday evenings that Owen constantly spends with her in the cedar parlor, in such converse, whether grave or gay, as men rarely seek save with a mother, or one who has been as a mother. But she is still the lady of the Holt. There she still spends autumn and Christmas, resuming her old habits, without feeling them a burden; bemoaning a little, but approving all the while, Humfrey's moderate and successful alterations, and loving above all in Phæbe's sweet wisdom in her happy household rule. It is well worth all the past to return to the Holt with the holiday feeling of her girlhood.

DWARF APPLE-TREES.—Dwarf apple-trees are fast becoming favorites. Although they will never be so extensively employed for orchards as dwarf pears, they will undoubtedly be freely brought into gardens, where a variety is desired in a small space. Every season proves these trees to be what they have been sent out for. They are productive and easily managed; the heads being low, they are easily sheltered and protected, if necessary, during winter. Every part of the tree is immediately under the eye of the cultivator, by which he is able to control perfectly their forms, and to destroy any insects that may attack them.

We are aware that the public know little of these trees, but, after several years' observation, we have no hesitation in testifying to their value.

The trees can be planted six feet apart, so that quite a variety may be planted in almost any garden, without occupying much space.

Like pears grown on dwarf trees, the fruit of dwarf apple-trees is usually larger and finer than the same varieties grown on standard trees.

The best age to transplant the trees is at two years from the bud or graft, and they will commence to bear the first year after transplanting.

At the West, where fruit is scarce and immediate produce very desirable, and where, also, high winds are prevalent and the changes of temperature in the winter season are very sudden, we think these trees might be planted to great advantage. And, indeed, we are aware that the western people have already begun to plant them.

—*Genesee Farmer.*

From The Saturday Review, 15 Dec.
HESSE CASSEL.

THAT the Second Chamber of a very small German state should have declined to accept a Constitution offered by the government, and that the Diet should, in consequence, have been dissolved, seems as unimportant and uninteresting an event as could well be imagined. But great questions are often really tried on very little points; and this contest between the elector of Hesse and his Second Chamber is like the imaginary dispute between Roe and Doe, by which the right to broad acres and rich rent-rolls was tried a few years ago. A matter is at issue which has for many years divided the princes and the people of Germany. The elector is quite willing that his subjects should have a Constitution, but then he wants to give it them. His subjects say they have got a Constitution which is illegally in abeyance, and they insist on its being restored. The quarrel is precisely the same, on a very little scale, as that which divides Austria and Hungary on a great scale. A Constitution which is given by a sovereign can be taken away at any moment by its donor; but a Constitution that is a law to him as well as to his people imposes on him the necessity of venturing on an act of positive illegality if he invades the liberties of his people. According to the Austrian theory of government, the elector of Hesse Cassel is perfectly right in declining to acknowledge that he is bound by the law; and if Austria were not going down hill very fast, the Austrian theory of government would continue to prevail in Hesse Cassel, as it has done for many years. This is a very old subject of dispute between the elector and the mild and peaceful population of his little patch of territory, and Austria has already, on one occasion, interfered to crush the resistance which the maintenance of the elector's despotism threatened to provoke. Federal troops were moved by the order of Austria into Hesse Cassel, in spite of the remonstrance of Prussia, and the electorate was reduced to as perfect tranquillity as its sovereign could desire. But those days are gone by now. Austria has quite enough to do in minding her own concerns, and Prussia has, in the most positive terms, declared that no intervention in the affairs of the electorate shall be permitted. The issue cannot, therefore, be really doubtful. The Diet is sure to have the best of it, and the elector must either yield or go altogether away and fall back on one of those colonelcies of Austrian regiments which appear to be the portion of dethroned princes. It is not the fate or the future of Hesse Cassel that excites our interest, but the attitude which Prussia may assume in the affair.

Here, at last, an opportunity has shown itself in which the real strength or weakness of Prussia will be displayed. She may let the opportunity slip, or she may take occasion to make an advance towards the leadership of Germany, and her passivity or her courage may very probably decide one of the most important questions of which Europe awaits the solution.

All the world, Germans as much as the rest of mankind, see that the position of a nation ruled over by thirty-six sovereigns, and placed between two great despotisms, is perilous to the last degree. All the world, except a few hundred dependants of the minor German courts, see that the peril can only be got rid of effectually by a change of a very wholesale and radical character. If the Hungarians fall away from Austria, and take their Slavonic neighbors with them, the German provinces of the empire will only add to the necessity of some system being arranged that will absorb them; and when the prestige of Austria is gone, and the very name of Austria may perhaps be extinct, Prussia will stand out as the only representative and head of Germany. It is possible that, if this headship were recognized, the minor sovereigns might retain their crowns for a longer or shorter period as vicegerents of Prussia; but, unless Germany is united on some thoroughly new basis, it will soon be nothing more than the great sporting-ground of France and Russia, where those powers will ride about at will, sure of starting some timid victim of the chase whenever a meet is arranged. But the Germans are just enough alive to their situation to be aware of the direction in which their interests lie. They desire, in a vague and placid way, the creation of a united Germany, and two candidates are in the field to supply them with what they want. Strange as it may seem at first, one of these candidates is the emperor of the French. He is anxious above all things to attain the political objects which his uncle attempted, but he pursues them by a different way. He wishes to make France mistress of the continent, and to minister to the passion for territorial aggrandizement by which even the most sensible Frenchmen are devoured; but he also wishes to escape such a collision with the national feeling of his neighbors as that which stimulated even the Spaniards to lend a nominal assistance to their English deliverers, and for a moment united Germany in the great struggle for independence and revenge. Louis Napoleon will not, we may be sure, if he can possibly help it, awake the spirit of so deadly an opposition. His policy is to flatter the national pride of the Germans by offering to help them towards

the unity they desire and the position in Europe which a united Germany ought to assume. The only conditions he asks are that he shall have the credit of doing the work, and that he shall be paid for his trouble by the cession of the Rhine provinces. At present he does not seem very near attaining his aim. But he can afford to wait; and if Austria were broken up, and Prussia showed herself unequal to the call made on her resolution and statesmanship, there is no saying that the Germans might not turn to any one strong enough to get them out of the deadlock in which they would find themselves placed, and the emperor would then play the part of their good-natured friend.

But it is possible that the Germans may anticipate his kind offices, and do the work of regeneration for themselves. If they are well managed by Prussia, it is even probable that they will do so. Distracted as Germany is, it is still full of national life, and pervaded by a strong wish for national independence. The whole moral and intellectual strength of Germany shrinks from making imperial France the arbitress of its fate, and the successful resistance which the prince regent opposed to the cajoleries of Louis Napoleon at Baden, coupled with the spirited demonstrations of Switzerland and Belgium against French encroachment, have cheered the Germans to hope that their deliverance may come from themselves. But the motive power is what they want, and the motive power can only come from Prussia. Prussia ought very shortly to be able to supply the necessary force. She is every day becoming richer, more liberal, and better organized. She has a very honest sovereign and a decent army; but unfortunately there is one thing she has not got—there is no Prussian statesman. Not any single minister in the present cabinet is of more than second-rate abilities. The Manteufel system has deadened the energies and crippled the career even of its opponents, and bureaucracy is still strong enough at Berlin to force on the regent ministers whom he

and his best advisers know to be quite the wrong men for the places they fill. When the Bonn police case was brought to the knowledge of the government, the highest authorities found themselves fatally hampered by the fact that the minister to whose special department the affair belonged had been accepted as an inevitable legacy from the preceding cabinet, and that, unless he were openly dismissed, no great change in the relation of the police to private individuals could be attempted. Since then, a high legal official, who has ventured to incriminate the police system publicly and earnestly, has been sacrificed by the resentment of his superiors, and has been dismissed from his post. The cabinet contains no man of sufficient mark and ability to turn out discordant members, to carry a liberal policy out to its conclusion, and to take advantage of passing events. There can be no doubt that, if there were a Prussian Cavour, he would make a great deal of very legitimate capital out of this Hesse Cassel business. He would impress upon the general mind of Germany that Prussia was determined to assert her power, and take advantage of the sympathy felt for her by the Liberal party throughout the nation. He would take care not only that the elector of Hesse was defeated, but that his defeat should seem attributable to Prussia. It will, in fact, be due to Prussia if it takes place, for it is the prohibition of Federal and Austrian intervention which has stimulated the Chamber to beard its sovereign; but an able statesman would make this evident to all the world, and would so control the fortunes of this little state as to give a very striking illustration of what Prussia can do in Germany. What Prussia most requires, in order to assure her success, is a widely spread expectation that she is going to succeed. The elector of Hesse has been kind enough to offer her a very easy and cheap means of diffusing this expectation, and if she does not take advantage of it she will have thrown away a chance that is not likely to recur.

Messrs. Longman and Co. have in the press "The Lost Tribes, and the Saxons of the East and West with New Views of Buddhism," by G. Moore, M.D.; and "The Asian Mystery," by the Reverend S. Lyde, author of "The Ansyreech and Ismaelech."

THE concluding portion of the Reverend F. D. Maurice's "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and the "Treatise on the British Constitution," by Lord Brougham, are about to be published by Messrs. R. Griffin and Co.

From The Athenæum.

Notes on the Presence of Animal Life at Vast Depths in the Sea; with Observations on the Nature of the Sea-Bed, as bearing on Submarine Telegraphy. By G. C. Wallich, M.D. Taylor and Francis.

THESE brief notes disclose new facts. Dr. Wallich was attached, we find, as naturalist, to the Bulldog, equipped for the survey of the projected North Atlantic Telegraph route between Great Britain and America, his main object being to determine the depths to which animal life extends in the sea, together with the limits and conditions essential to its maintenance. Continuous bad weather impeded his researches, but he has in a great measure accomplished his purpose, with the assistance of Sir Leopold M'Clinck and his crew. It may now be accepted as clearly proved, that life exists in the sea at depths far exceeding those heretofore supposed to circumscribe it.

The Foraminifera had been surmised to live at vast depths; and this is now proved. They are minute animals, belonging to one of the most simply organized families of the animal kingdom, and their calcareous shells constitute a large per centage of the oozy deposit brought up by the soundings in the mid-Atlantic and elsewhere. Of these animals the Globigerinæ form a genus, and the point to be determined was, whether they were alive when first disturbed,—for they could hardly be expected to show signs of life after the lapse of nearly an hour, during which time they had been brought from their normal medium, the pressure of which is estimated by tons, to an abnormal medium (the surface), in which the pressure is estimated by pounds. Direct evidence was, from the difficulty stated, wanting; but after a laborious and continued examination of Foraminifera, obtained from depths varying from fifty to nearly two hundred fathoms,—that is, from three hundred feet to nearly two miles and a half below the surface of the sea,—the inferences are in favor of their vitality at the greatest depths as well as in shallow waters. Yet the number of specimens of Globigerinæ taken from the deep oozy soundings in which the mass is extremely tenacious, showing the cell-contents entire, and in an apparently vital state, is small as compared with the much larger proportion in which the cells present no such

character. It is curious that when any quantity of these microscopic creatures occur in the deep sea deposits, they are evidently intimately associated with the presence of the Gulf Stream or its offshoots.

By far the most interesting discovery was made in sounding not quite midway between Cape Farewell and Rockall, in one thousand two hundred and sixty fathoms. While the sounding apparatus brought up an ample specimen of coarse, gritty-looking matter, consisting of about ninety-five per cent of clean shells of Globigerinæ, at the same time a number of starfishes, belonging to the genus *Ophiocoma*, came up, adhering to the lowest fifty fathoms of the deep sea line, which must have rested on the bottom for a few minutes, so as to allow the starfishes to attach themselves to it. These continued to move about energetically for a quarter of an hour after they reached the surface. One very perfect specimen, which had fixed itself near the extreme end of the line, and was still convulsively grasping it with its long, spinous arms, was secured *in situ* on the rope, and consigned to a bottle of spirits.

This is the great natural-history fact of the expedition. At a depth of two miles below the surface, where the pressure must amount; at least, to a ton and a half on the square inch, and where it is difficult to conceive that the most attenuated ray of light can penetrate, we capture a highly organized species of radiate animal, living, entwining, and flourishing, with its red and light-pink tints as clear and brilliant as in its congeners which dwell in shallow and comparatively sunshiny waters. Where one form so highly organized has been met with, it is only reasonable to assume that other correlated forms may also exist. Hence we may look forward to the discovery of a new submarine Fauna inhabiting the deeper zones of the ocean, and casting a gleam of light on the palæontology of the land on which we now walk, once the subaqueous floor of primeval seas.

The law will eventually be found to hold good, according to Dr. Wallich, that "any marine animal, within the cellular structure of which air or any other gaseous fluid does not necessarily occur in a free state, and every portion of whose organization is permeable by fluids either through capillary or endosmotic and exosmotic agency, may exist

under the extraordinary pressure present at great depths." Loss of temperature and light, irrespective of the pressure, may be thought not to constitute a valid obstacle to the truth of this opinion.

With reference to the telegraphic part of the business, Dr. Wallich offers some important suggestions as to the necessity of ascertaining the general contour of the sea-bed, and of determining whether it be uniformly level, or broken by irregularities; if covered

by deposit, to trace its source and nature. While accomplishing all this, should living animal forms occur, their nature, character and extent of distribution could be discovered. Doubtless, the merely practical men connected with telegraphic communication wish "science at the bottom of the sea;" if so, this is the very thing which marine naturalists also wish. All parties being thus agreed, let us hope we shall soon hear something more concerning matters of, literally, such deep interest.

MUSIC IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE—Were you ever in the Mammoth Cave? It is, with all its wonders, the most god-forsaken, dreary, gloomy spot mortal ever entered. Yet there is some strange mystic power in the place to transfigure the weakest, most wretched music into harmony fit for the celestial spheres.

After poking about in the bowels of the earth for three or four hours, visitors to the cave arrive at Echo River, where they embark on a disgustingly muddy scow, or if the party is large enough, two or three wretched boats are brought into requisition. The women are all dressed in fancifully colored bloomer dresses, and with the up-lifted lanterns, present a strange and weird appearance as the boat is pushed from the shore, and floats down into the black gloom, the lights reflecting themselves on the surface of the deadly still water, and lighting up with strange effect the arch of rock overhead. When they are fairly out of sight we enter the other boat and ourselves push out into the dark stream. Dark, awfully dark it is. The dark river of death finds on earth no more vivid parallel than this. You know, in the first picture of Cole's "Voyage of Life," the gloomy river of the past from which floats out into life and light the little boat of the baby voyager. The stream issues from a dark, rocky cavern, mysterious and unknown. Such a stream is this on which we are embarked. Silent and gloomy, dark and mysterious, it serves as a type of the past and the future—of the past mystery whence all life evolves, of the inscrutable future whither all life tends.

The feeling of security is not very great. The boats sink down almost to the water's edge, and the perpendicular slippery rock on either side offers no ledge on which a shipwrecked voyager might find a temporary footing. Above, sometimes so low that you must crouch to avoid it, and again so high as to be scarcely visible, rises the rock-roof, while the water in which you glide is thirty feet in depth, and as cold as the brow of a corpse. There is no sound but the rippling made by the boat; not a cricket along the shore—

less stream, not a fish to plunge up and flash a moment in the air before returning to its watery home—no symptom of life—no sound, no motion, save that made by ourselves.

Hark! there is a sound! Far off a delicate shade of music, so faint as to seem the ghost of some wandering echo. But by degrees it increases. It becomes clear and defined. Rich harmony, trembling with strange sensuous wildness, fluttering around the rocky projections, swelling in waves of harmony to the arched roof above. Now it appears to come from one direction, now from another. Anon a higher note or strain is heard, like some clear voice rising above a mighty chorus. Never did siren sing more magic songs to listening traveller—never did the mysterious maiden of Lurlei-burg chant more entrancing melody to the unwary boatman who floats along the moonlit Rhine.

Suddenly a turn of the boat brings you opposite a break in the perpendicular rocky shore, and, perched upon a mass of broken rock you see a party of four negroes playing upon violins and a cornet. Those are the sirens, these the Lurlines of Echo River. Out on the earth's surface their music would be merely quaint and odd, but here, in the Mammoth Cave, it is weird and unearthly.

Floating away, out of sight of the above minstrels—who are, in fact, the barber, boot-black, or waiter from the hotel at the mouth of the cave—their music resumes its supernatural tones and effect, and so, until we land at the opposite shore of the dark river, it haunts the ear with its peculiar harmony, while ever after it forms the most vivid reminiscence of a visit to the Mammoth Cave.—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

MR. B. BOTFIELD, M.P., it is stated, is engaged on a large bibliographical undertaking; namely, a collection of all the known catalogues of the monastic and private libraries of Great Britain which existed before the Reformation.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It is gratifying to know that the feelings which were awakened in the Prince's mind by his visit to the burial-place at Mount Vernon, were not temporary. They have survived the occasion. No doubt, when the Prince related his "travel's history" to his parents, he dwelt upon *that* visit, rather than upon any other. From the living, he received homage enough, and to spare, but as respects the illustrious dead, the homage was reverently rendered by himself. His father, Prince Albert, is Chancellor of the University of Cambridge (elected in 1847, on the death of the late Duke of Northumberland), and, in the official notice, in the *London Times* of the 11th inst., we find the following:—

"His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, being pleased to give annually a gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, the Vice Chancellor gives notice that the prize will be given, this year, to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best poem on 'The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington.' N.B.—The exercises are to be sent in to the Vice Chancellor on or before March 31, 1861, and are not to exceed two hundred lines in length."

The subjoined interesting correspondence has been officially published by our government:—

Lord Lyons to Gen. Cass.

"WASHINGTON, DEC. 8, 1860.

"SIR:—The Queen, my august sovereign, has commanded that the earliest opportunity after the return of the Prince of Wales to England be taken to convey to the President of the United States the expression of her majesty's thanks for the cordial reception given to his Royal Highness during his late visit to this country by the President himself and by all classes of the citizens.

"One of the main objects which her Majesty had in view in sanctioning the visit of his Royal Highness was to prove to the President and citizens of the United States the sincerity of those sentiments of esteem and regard which her Majesty and all classes of her subjects entertain for the kindred race which occupies so distinguished a position in the community of nations. Her Majesty has seen with the greatest satisfaction that her feelings and those of her people in this respect have been met with the warmest sym-

pathy in the great American Union; and her Majesty trusts that the feelings of confidence and affection, of which late events have proved beyond all question the existence, will long continue to prevail between the two countries, to their mutual advantage and to the general interests of civilization and humanity.

"I am commanded to state to the President that the Queen would be gratified by his making known generally to the citizens of the United States her grateful sense of the kindness with which they received her son, who has returned to England deeply impressed with all he saw during his progress through the States, but more especially so with the friendly and cordial good-will manifested towards him on every occasion by all classes of the community.

"I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"LYONS.

"Hon. LEWIS CASS."

Mr. Trescott to Lord Lyons.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
"WASHINGTON, DEC. 11, 1860.

"MY LORD: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 8th instant, in which you have conveyed to this Government the expression of her Britannic Majesty's thanks for the cordial reception given to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, during his late visit to this country by the President and by all classes of the citizens, and of her Majesty's wish that her grateful sense of the courtesies extended to her son may be made known generally to the citizens of the United States.

"I am instructed by the President to express the gratification with which he has learned how correctly her Majesty has appreciated the spirit in which his Royal Highness was received throughout the Republic, and the cordial manifestation of that spirit by the people of the United States which accompanied him in every step of his progress.

"Her Majesty has justly recognized that the visit of her son aroused the kind and generous sympathies of our citizens, and, if I may so speak, has created an almost personal interest in the fortunes of the royalty which he so well represents.

"The President trusts that this sympathy and interest towards the future representative of the sovereignty of Great Britain is at once an evidence and a guarantee of that consciousness of common interest and mutual regard which have in the past, and will in the future, bind together more strongly

than treaties the feelings and the fortunes of the two nations which represent the enterprise, the civilization, the constitutional liberty of the same great race.

"I have also been instructed to make this correspondence public, that the citizens of the United States may have the satisfaction of knowing how strongly and properly her

Majesty has appreciated the cordial warmth of their welcome to his Royal Highness.

"I have the honor to be, my lord, with high consideration, your lordship's obedient servant.

"W. HENRY TRESCOT,

"Assistant SECRETARY.

"LORD LYONS, etc., etc., etc."

HINTS TO AMATEURS.—Everybody who has suffered from the inflictions of amateur pianists will appreciate the following sensible protest from "Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend." The writer says:—

"I declare it to be my opinion that all persons without a natural musical organization had better not attempt singing and playing rather than make us poor piano teachers martyrs of patience. Why music has become so exclusive a social fashion I am at a loss to understand. A 'refined' house without a piano seems an impossibility. Girls incapable of reciting a poem correctly still learn how to sing. We can hardly make a visit without being visited by music—and what horrible music! Friends and enemies of music are equally offended by the sight of an opened piano with two candles upon it, when they enter a room for the sake of recreation. This music playing between conversation is a dissolving acid to talking. If you succeed in finding an intelligent individual with whom to talk over highly interesting topics, if copious thoughts throng in for mutual exchange, the most animated communications are suddenly cut off by the cry of terror: 'Do you remember?'

"You conquer your impatience, listen to the song that you have heard a hundred times with secret indignation, and then take up the preceding theme again. Before you have been able to answer satisfactorily a friend's important question, the air wafts from the piano the beautiful song, 'Pop goes the—'

"Finally, you lose the last bit of patience and the desire of devoting the slightest attention to so cut-up a conversation, and allow every thing to fall upon you; you are an indolent prey to jingling, chatting, tea and cake.

"This intolerable music playing, intruded upon people without their being asked whether they like it, is a chief cause of the dullness of most of our 'society.' If a body wants to hear music let him go to a concert; if he seeks conversation let him go into society. How mean it is to allure one into 'society' by the prospect of conversation, and force him to listen to music. They should at least honestly say beforehand that there will be music, so that he may betimes escape."

A MEETING was held in Edinburgh, presided over by the lord provost, to promote the suppression of snuffing and tobacco-smoking! Professor Miller moved the first resolution, affirming the injury to the physical and mental constitution from the two practices,—

"No man who was a hard smoker had a steady hand. But not only had it a debilitating and paralyzing effect, but he could tell of patients who were completely paralyzed in their limbs by inveterate smoking. He might tell of a patient of his who brought on an attack of paralysis by smoking; who was cured, indeed, by simple means enough, accompanied with the complete discontinuance of the practice, but who afterwards took to it again, and got a new attack of paralysis; and who could now play with himself, as it were, because when he wanted a day's paralysis or an approach to it, he had nothing to do but to indulge more or less freely with the weed. Only the other day, the French—among whom the practice was carried even to a greater extent than with us—made an estimate of its effects in their schools and academies and colleges. They took the young men attending these institutions, classified them into those who smoked habitually and those who did not, and estimated their physical and intellectual standing, perhaps their moral standing too, but he could not say. The result was, that they found that those who did not smoke were the stronger lads and better scholars, were altogether more reputable people and more useful members of society than those who habitually used the drug. What was the consequence? Louis Napoleon—one of the good things which he has done—instantly issued an edict that no smoking should be permitted in any school, college, or academy. In one day, he put out about 30,000 pipes in Paris alone. Let our young smokers put that in their pipe and smoke it."

A second resolution, most remarkable for its statement of facts, and their logical application was also passed,—

"That as smoking has a tendency to encourage the drinking usages of society, not only by creating morbid thirst, but also by its exhausting power, thereby inducing recourse to a falsely supposed substitute, it is greatly calculated to foster crime and dissipation in the masses."—*Spectator*, 8 Dec.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALEXANDER CARLYLE OF IVERESK.*

THE frightful daubs which ornament our dining-rooms, doing duty as family portraits, owe their existence and position to one of the most universal of human principles. At first a spectator would be astonished at the prominent place occupied by the portentous visage of our grandfather, that vulgar countenance, that toddy-speckled nose, those maudlin eyes—Why, in Heaven's name, was Dick Tinto permitted to immortalize such degrading characteristics? and why does his wretched performance hold the place of honor over the mantel-piece, to be looked at, sneered at, scunnered at, by the best-natured of our friends? When he turns his attention to the other side of the room, and sees the perked-up countenance of our grandmother—the cap hiding the greater part of her forehead, the ruff burying the lower part of her chin, the short-waisted gown, and gorgeous-patterned India shawl—our visitor is still further amazed at the reason of our rescuing those very commonplace presentments from the garret or the fire. The central figures are supported on all sides by other members of the family. Aunt Sibylla flares in yellow and gold; Uncle Peter leans on an anchor, and defies the storms he is likely to meet in command of the Hopeful, East Indiaman; and over the sideboard, in a profusion of fill and hair-powder, is a dark, Rembrandtish, and rather indistinct representation of the great Æneas of our tribe, who founded our respectability on sugar-casks and rum. We don't admire these pictures as works of art; we don't cherish them as elevating to our pride of ancestry; but we have a very great attachment to them, failures and caricatures as they are, for they give us an idea of how our predecessors looked and dressed. They enable us to trace the genealogy of our own snub nose, and our eldest hope's squint; and it is easy to form an estimate of the tempers and manners of the originals from the acquaintance we make with their outward forms. But when we ascend in the scale of wealth and position, the family galleries of our nobility must be pieces of silent history, perhaps as redolent of truth as the pages of our most brilliant authors. For

the chief personages are not left alone, but, girt by many a baron bold, some of their own blood, and some of the equally noble races with whom they were brought into intimacy by politics or religion, they present a faithful image of the generation to which they belonged—hard-featured, dark-complexioned, firm-handed men like Strafford; or burly, wide-coated knights and gentlemen who admired Townshend more for introducing turnips into Norfolk, than Sir Robert Walpole for preserving the country from foreign and civil war. Yet in all our inspections of the effigies of past times, the words of Cowper are always in our mind—

“Oh, that those lips had language?”

The face, after all, is a poor index to the thought. A man may have the nose of the Duke of Wellington and the heart of Bobadil; a woman may have the brows of the chaste Diana and the life of Lady Mary. Let us hear what they said and did—tell us something about them, be it ever so little—“How lived, how loved, how died they?” And this accounts for the amazing twaddle we read in the catalogues of historic collections. Emulous of the sprawling artists, the anecdote-monger splashes in his facts here and here, without the least keeping or regard to harmony or proportion. Incidents are misplaced, characters are travestied or interchanged. Dick Turpin's ride to York is attributed to Prince Rupert; the meanness of Elwes transferred to the Duke of Marlborough; the faultless honesty of downright Shippen thrust on Lord Bacon.

To remedy these defects, we turn to better-authenticated statements, and catch an occasional glimpse of real character in the events of sayings attributed to a particular man. But wit, and wisdom itself, is a very evanescent quality, unless all the circumstances which gave rise to it, and even the peculiarities of the people to whom it is addressed, are brought before us at the same time. Dr. Johnson, always witty and always wise, was wise and witty in quite a different manner in his tea-drinkings with Miss Williams and Robert Lovett, from that of the club and his rencontres with Goldsmith and Burke. We should probably see neither wisdom nor wit in his conversation with the blind old poetess and the quack, for we have no knowledge of the two personages which could enable us to judge of the appositeness

* *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk; containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1860.

of his repartee or advice. We only know that they were penniless and afflicted, and we therefore see their fitness to be the objects of commiseration and bounty. His charity becomes beautiful and intelligible when we see the excessive friendlessness and know the inexhaustible philanthropy of his great kind heart. With Burke or Goldsmith, on the other hand, the case is so essentially different that the conversation owes all its charm to our intimacy with the parties engaged in it. After a blustering and inappropriate tirade from Oliver, we see the thunder gathering on the avenger's brow, we watch for the inevitable bolt, and when it strikes are only surprised at the thickness or divine temper of the victim's shield, which enables us to admire the force and dexterity of the blow without having to condole over broken bones or diminished self-satisfaction. The great art of Boswell was shown in grouping as much as in individual likeness. For an isolated figure, we repeat, either in anecdote or painting, tells us nothing. A thousand stories may be handed down from father to son, but as the journey lengthens the light decays. The accessories are left out, the local or chronological coloring is changed, and at last a tale that convulsed contemporary audiences with its humor, and recalled to the listeners the tones of voice and expressions of countenance, the ranks and qualities of all the persons introduced, falls as dead upon succeeding ears as the impersonal jokes in Joe Miller, or the facetiæ of Cicero.

Every period, we suppose, appears to the men of it the most remarkable in the annals of time. They have had all their own adventures in it, and have been triumphant in lawsuits or successful in love, and have seen the greatest comet and heard the most eloquent preacher, or huzzaed the greatest general the world had hitherto produced. But as the golden years go on, the preacher turns out to be a very thirdrate performer on the used-out tightrope of prophecy and the end of all things, and the general is only a fit companion for Whitelock or Major Sturgeon. Unless as studies of human character, there are long tracts of national existence on which we look back and find all barren. A man born in the year of the Revolution heard nothing to break his slumbers till he was five-and-twenty years of age.

Between the rebellions of '15 and '45 history has little to record. A few fussy, selfish, and utterly unprincipled individuals busied themselves about domestic politics, and coquetted with pretenders, or put on the guise of patriotism and a love of freedom; but the general current of English life was as slow as that of a Dutch canal. Squires and shopkeepers drank their beer and smoked their pipes and were quiet; and to us the two most prominent personages of a whole generation were a humpbacked little poet and a short-faced philosopher. We have more interest in Pope and Addison than in any of the commanders and politicians who loomed so large on the people who had no knowledge of perspective, and thought Richmond Hill, seen from the Thames, as high as the Alps.

It is not altogether because they wanted a sacred chronicler that that period and others we could name have sunk into comparative oblivion. We, who come after, weigh the merits of a generation by the effect we see it to have produced on its successors. A great generation is the one which, by its acts or sufferings, scatters the seeds of future harvests. For man is very ungrateful, and judges only by effects. Garibaldi himself may sink into a Rienzi or even into a Walker, unless the edifice he has raised be found permanent and useful. If Italian unity is a failure, nobody, in twenty years from this time will care for the most careful account of the great Liberator, for his letters or speeches; but if he has indeed inaugurated a new life for the classic land, and has succeeded in uniting a northern and Protestant love of liberty to the passion and poetry of the southern blood, no description will be too diffuse, no anecdote too unimportant, to be cherished as of great value, because revealing glimpses of an individual whose personal qualities have changed the destiny of nations, and impressed themselves, as we, perhaps, presumptuously hope, on the character of his countrymen. We should, therefore, not advise any of the enthusiastic worshippers of the present to give the world the benefit of their experience till time has stamped the current coin of praise and adulation with the marks of its solid value. Let them lay in their materials now. Let them photograph the active agents in this great movement—the squab

features and warlike presence of the Sardinian king, and the portly form of Cavour; let them carefully represent Garibaldi surrounded by his friends, singing, haranguing, inspiring, or comforting, as the case may be; but here let them stop till the inexorable years have shown whether the end will form a fit conclusion to the glittering commencement—whether, in fact, the heroes are real heroes, working a real work; or stage heroes, with tin swords and tinsel crowns, raising unsubstantial thrones, and speaking only at the dictation of the prompter.

Our own country may appear, to the unobservant, to have had no period of excitement and change like the present uprising of the nations against their old regime. But a deeper inquirer sees as great an upheaving of thought and endeavor in Scotland, after the abortive effort to restore the ancient race of our kings, as any people can show at any time of their career. The old order changed almost imperceptibly, giving place to new. We had been a fractious, discontented set of people, grumbling at the Union; grumbling at the wealth of England, though we were invited to share it; half savage still, through a persistent pride in retaining the feelings and fashions which had prevailed when other people's were as savage as ourselves; divided by religious animosities, tricked in many instances by our nobility, and sulkily settling down to our rude feasts and portentous debauches, to console ourselves for our national degradation and personal want of power. But gradually the scene changed. The national genius manifestly took a new direction. We left off talking seriously about a restoration of the Stuarts, and only sang delightful songs about bonnie Prince Charlie; but we buckled to the serious business of life. We produced a crop of philosophers, orators, wits, and statesmen, such as had never been dreamed of before. We became merchants and colonists, and scattered the glories of our northern pronunciation in all lands. We took possession of India and America, and the islands adjacent thereto; and having grown rich, adventurous, and famous wherever a bawbee was to be made, or a gallant achievement performed, we looked back through the checkered career of little more than forty years, and we saw at one

end of it the young Chevalier with his mob of Highland gillies, and at the other, Hume, Robertson, and Robert Burns, in the maturity of their fame. Now, it is this transition period which engages the attention of the very remarkable man to whom we are indebted for the present work.

It was a period which furnished materials for a calm and leisurely survey, not like that other awakening of new thoughts which gloomed and lightened in the French Revolution, presenting such mixtures of the grotesque and grand, agitating men's minds with such alternations of hope and fear, and ending in such a cataclysm of all previous ideas, that description was impossible, because there was neither time nor opportunity for observation; and that mightiest of human movements must be content to go down to posterity shrouded in its own portentous shadows, as terrible and as indistinct as the spirit that passed before the face of Eliphaz. Glimpses may be caught at intervals of a Mirabeau or a Danton, but nobody was in a state to study them; and they owe their historical personality to the after-thoughts and dramatic imagination of the generation who knew them not. Now, here was a Scottish divine, calm-minded, clear-eyed, so fortunately placed that he could be a spectator of every thing going on, with as commanding a view of the storms which seemed to fight against the Churches, and finally "to confound and swallow navigation up," as a watchman on the Eddystone Lighthouse, beholding from his safe eyrie the tacklings and tumbings of a disordered fleet.

Alexander Carlyle was born in 1722, and died in 1805. He was present at the battle of Prestonpans, and the procession of Prince Charlie to Holyrood; he lived through the triumphs of Chatham and Wolfe, the glories of Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson; and saw the first establishment of Napoleon as emperor of the French. His memoirs, however, do not come down so far; but many of the persons commemorated in his sketches survived almost to our own day; and thus connect us by one link to the performers in the murder of Captain Porteous, and the strange histories of Lord Lovat and Lord Grange.

We have said the position of the author was eminently adapted for the study of passing events. His personal qualities were no less in his favor as an observer of life and

manners. Polite and brilliant as a marquis of Versailles, and handsome in face and form in a very remarkable degree, he did not bury his powers of entertainment and fascination in a country manse. His were not, indeed, the days when the gentry of the land still found it an honor to serve at the national altar, and retained the social position which the displaced Episcopalian establishment had secured to its ministers. A spirit, however, of mutual good-will occasionally existed between the adherents of the two forms of government, and we meet with a charming anecdote in the early part of the volume, where we are told of his visit to the manse of "old Lundie of Saltoun, a pious and primitive old man, very respectful in his manners, and very kind. He had been bred an old Scotch Episcopalian, and was averse to the Confession of Faith; the presbytery showed lenity towards him, so he did not sign it to his dying day, for which reason he never could be a member of Assembly." Carlyle himself was of excellent family on both sides of the house, being descended by his father from the Lords Carlyle, and claiming kin through his mother with the Dukes of Hamilton, and having the claim allowed. His father and mother were not so remarkable in other respects as the parents of distinguished characters are generally represented; the truth being, that the abilities attributed to the progenitors owe their existence to the affection and youthful admiration of the child. We have known the surviving parents of illustrious men, and found them as dull as if their progeny were very ordinary persons, but who will come out in the memoirs of the poet, orator, or statesman, as among the wisest and best of mankind. Partly to this elevating influence of filial love we may attribute the description of his mother. "My mother was a person of superior understanding, of a calm and firm temper, of an elegant and reflecting mind; and, considering she was the eldest of seven daughters and three sons of a country clergyman, near Dumfries, and was born in 1700, she had received an education, and improved by it, far beyond what could have been expected. Good sense, however, and dignity of conduct were her chief attributes. The effect of this was, she was as much respected as my father was beloved."

It will scarcely be believed that this dig-

nity of manner and respect of all her neighbors was maintained on an income of seventy pounds a year. There were no complaints of poverty, though the family was increasing; and when the stipend was augmented by the hard exertions of two of the law lords, who not only voted for the increase as heritors of the parish, but actually left the judgment-seat and pleaded the clergyman's cause in person, the hospitalities of the manse seem to have been liberal and constant, the expenses of all the family regulated on a very generous scale, and society with the highest of the gentry maintained on equal terms. Yet the result of the augmentation and the friendly eloquence of two judges of the Court of Session, raised the gross income to only a hundred and forty pounds. "Living was wonderfully cheap, even in Edinburgh, in those days," says the author, with a sigh at the rise of prices in his later time. "There were ordinaries for young gentlemen, at fourpence a head, for a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes every day, with fish three or four times a week, and all the small beer that was called for till the cloth was removed."

Fourpences must have been very scarce, or beef and broth very abundant, to account for this excessively moderate tariff. By dint of the peace and plenty pervading the minister's house, young Alexander grew up in health and happiness, a fine, sprightly, intelligent little fellow, with humor and observation far beyond his years. Whether it was a stroke of humor or a knowledge of character which prompted him to the first display of his powers of oratory, we are not told; but it looks like one of the jocular achievements of his maturer days, for it consisted of his mounting a tombstone, and reading to a dozen old women, who had not found room in the church, the whole of the Song of Solomon! This was a fortunate exercise of his eloquence, for one of the old ladies, enchanted probably with the utterly incomprehensible English accent in which the love passages were given (for he had been taught the true pronunciation by an aunt who had been settled some years in London), exclaimed "Ye'll be minister of Prestonpans yoursel' some day." "No, no," said the boy, "not Prestonpans; yon's my kirk," and pointed to the tapering spire

of Inveresk. The answer lay hidden in the old women's hearts, but when many years had passed, and his presentation to that living was violently opposed by the inhabitants, on the plea of his being too young and volatile for the charge, the survivors of the audience in Prestonpans churchyard remembered the prophetic saying, and spread the report of it so potently from house to house, that it reconciled the parishioners to their youthful minister, whom they looked on with respect as their fore-ordained and divinely announced instructor.

One of the law lords who had pleaded for the augmentation of the minister's stipend was the famous Lord Grange, a brother of the still more notorious Earl of Mar; and the principal heiritor at whose expense the increase was to be made, was a certain Morison of Prestongrange. These two are the first specimens from the portrait-gallery of the worthies of Prestonpans, and we doubt whether livelier likenesses are to be found in Miss Mitford's *Our Village* or the familiar sketches of Miss Austen.

"The two great men of the parish, however, were Morison of Prestongrange, the patron, and the Honorable James Erskine of Grange, one of the Supreme judges. The first was elected Member of Parliament for East-Lothian in the first Parliament of Great Britain, although the celebrated Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was the other candidate. But government took part with Morison, and Fletcher had only nine votes. Morison had been very rich, but had suffered himself to be stripped by the famous gambler of those times, Colonel Charteris, whom I once saw with him in church, when I was five or six years of age; and being fully impressed with the popular opinion that he was a wizard, who had a fascinating power, I never once took my eyes off him during the whole service, believing that I should be a dead man the moment I did. This Colonel Charteris was of a very ancient family in Dumfriesshire, the first of whom being one of the followers of Robert Bruce, had acquired a great estate, a small part of which is still in the family. The colonel had been otherwise well connected, for he was cousin-german to Sir Francis Kinloch, and, when a boy, was educated with him at the village school. Many stories were told of him, which would never have been heard of had he not afterwards been so much celebrated in the annals of infamy. He was a great profligate, no doubt, but there have been as bad men and

greater plunderers than he was, who have escaped with little public notice. But he was one of the runners of Sir Robert Walpole, and defended him in all places of resort, which drew the wrath of the Tories upon him, and particularly sharpened the pens of Pope and Arbuthnot against him. For had it not been for the witty epitaph of the latter, Charteris might have escaped in the crowd of gamesters and debauchees, who are only railed at by their pigeons, and soon fall into total oblivion. This simple gentleman's estate (Morison's) soon went under sequestration for the payment of his debts. He was so imaginary and credulous as to believe that close by his creek of Morison's Haven was the place where St. John wrote the Apocalypse, because some old vaults had been discovered in digging a mill-race for a mill that went by sea-water. This had probably been put into his head by the annual meeting of the oldest lodge of operative masons in Scotland at that place on St. John's Day.

"My Lord Grange was the leading man in the parish, and had brought my father to Prestonpans from Cumbertrees, in his native county Annandale, where he had been settled for four years, and where I was born. Lord Grange was justice-clerk in the end of Queen Anne's reign, but had been dismissed from that office in the beginning of the reign of George I., when his brother, the Earl of Mar, lost the secretary of state's office, which he had held for some years. After this, and during the Rebellion, Lord Grange kept close at his house of Preston, on an estate which he had recently bought from the heirs of a Dr. Oswald, but which had not long before been the family estate of a very ancient cadet of the family of Hamilton. During the Rebellion, and some time after, Lord Grange amused himself in laying out and planting a fine garden, in the style of those times, full of close walks and labyrinths and wildernesses, which though it did not occupy above four or five acres, cost one at least two hours to perambulate. This garden or pleasure-ground was soon brought to perfection by his defending it from the westerly and south-westerly winds by hedges of common elder, which in a few years were above sixteen feet high, and completely sheltered all the interior grounds. This garden continued to be an object of curiosity down to the year 1740, inasmuch that flocks of company resorted to it from Edinburgh, during the summer, on Saturdays and Mondays (for Sunday was not at that time a day of pleasure), and were highly gratified by the sight, there being nothing at that time like it in Scotland, except at Alloa, the seat of the

Earl of Mar, of which indeed it was a copy in miniature.

"My Lady Grange was Rachel Chiesly, the daughter of Chiesly of Dalry, the person who shot President Lockhart in the dark, when standing within the head of a close in the Lawnmarket, because he had voted against him in a cause depending before the court. He was the son or grandson of a Chiesly, who, in *Boillie's Letters* is called Man to the famous Mr. Alexander Henderson: that is to say, secretary for he accompanied Mr. Henderson on his journey to London, and having met the court somewhere on their way, Chiesly was knighted by Charles I.; so that, being a new family, they must have had few relations, which, added to the atrocious deed of her father, had made the public very cool in the interest of Lady Grange. This lady had been very beautiful, but was of a violent temper. She had, it was said, been debauched by her husband before marriage; and as he was postponing or evading the performance of his promise to marry her, it was believed that, by threatening his life, she had obtained the fulfilment of it.

"It was Lord Grange's custom to go frequently to London in the spring: and though he seemed quiet and inactive here, it was supposed that he resented his having been turned out of the justice-clerk's office in 1714, and might secretly be carrying on plots when at London. Be that as it may, he had contracted such a violent aversion at Sir Robert Walpole, that having by intrigue and hypocrisy, secured a majority of the district of burghs of which Stirling is the chief, he threw up his seat as a judge in the court of session, was elected member for that district, and went to London to attend Parliament, and to overturn Sir Robert Walpole, not merely in his own opinion, but in the opinion of many who were dupes to his cunning, and his pretensions to abilities that he had not. But his first appearance in the House of Commons undecieved his sanguine friends, and silenced him forever. He chose to make his maiden speech on the Witches Bill, as it was called: and being learned in *dæmonologia*, with books on which subject his library was filled, he made a long canting speech that set the House in a titter of laughter, and convinced Sir Robert that he had no need of any extraordinary armor against this champion of the house of Mar. The truth was, that the man had neither learning nor ability. He was no lawyer, and he was a bad speaker. He had been raised on the shoulders of his brother, the Earl of Mar, in the end of the queen's reign, but had never distinguished himself. In the general assembly itself,

which many gentlemen afterwards made a school of popular eloquence, and where he took the high-flying side that he might annoy government, his appearances were but rare and unimpressive; but as he was understood to be a great plotter, he was supposed to reserve himself for some greater occasions.

"In Mr. Erskine's annual visits to London, he had attached himself to a mistress, a handsome Scotchwoman, Fanny Lindsay, who kept a coffeehouse about the bottom of the Haymarket. This had come to his lady's ears, and did not tend to make her less outrageous. He had taken every method to soothe her. As she loved command, he had made her factor upon his estate, and given her the whole management of his affairs. When absent, he wrote her the most flattering letters, and, what was still more flattering, he was said, when present, to have imparted secrets to her, which, if disclosed, might have reached his life. Still she was unquiet, and led him a miserable life. What was true is uncertain; for though her outward appearance was stormy and outrageous, Lord Grange not improbably exaggerated the violence of her behavior to his familiar friends as an apology for what he afterwards did; for he alleged to them that his life was hourly in danger, and that she slept with lethal weapons under her pillow. He once showed my father a razor which he had found concealed there.

"Whatever might be the truth, he executed one of the boldest and most violent projects that ever had been attempted since the nation was governed by laws; for he seized his lady in his house in Edinburgh, and by main force carried her off through Stirling to the Highlands, whence, after several weeks, she was at last landed in St. Kilda, a desolate isle in the Western Ocean, sixty miles distant from the Long Island. There she continued to live to the end of her days, which was not before the year 17—, in the most wretched condition, in the society of none but savages, and often with scanty provision of the coarsest fare, and but rarely enjoying the comfort of a pound of tea, which she sometimes got from shipmasters who accidentally called.* Lord Grange's accomplices in this atrocious act were believed to be Lord Lovat and the Laird of M'Leod, the first as being the most famous plotter in the kingdom, and the sec-

* "She was carried off in 1732; and after being detained about two years in the small island of Hesper, was conveyed to St. Kilda. On the affair getting wind, she was afterwards removed to Harris, where she died in 1745, before the arrangements for obtaining her release, and a full inquiry into the affair, could be completed.—*Ed.*"

ond as equally unprincipled, and the proprietor of the island of St. Kilda. What was most extraordinary was, that, except in conversation for a few weeks only, this enormous act, committed in the midst of the metropolis of Scotland, by a person who had been lord justice-clerk, was not taken the least notice of by any of her own family, or by the king's advocate or solicitor, or any of the guardians of the laws. Two of her sons were grown up to manhood—her eldest daughter was the wife of the Earl of Kintore—who acquiesced in what they considered as a necessary act of justice for the preservation of their father's life. Nay, the second son was supposed to be one of the persons who came masked to the house, and carried her off in a chair to the place where she was set on horseback.

"This artful man, by cant and hypocrisy, persuaded all his intimate friends that this act was necessary for the preservation of her life as well as of his; and that it was only confining a madwoman in a place of safety, where she was tenderly cared for, and for whom he professed not merely an affectionate regard, but the most passionate love. It was many years afterwards before it was known that she had been sent to such a horrid place as St. Kilda; and it was generally believed that she was kept comfortably, though in confinement, in some castle in the Highlands belonging to Lovat or M'Leod. The public in general, though clamorous enough, could take no step, seeing that the family were not displeased, and supposing that Lord Grange had satisfied the justice-clerk and other high officers of the law with the propriety of his conduct.

"From what I could learn at the time, and afterwards came to know, Lord Grange was in one respect a character not unlike Cromwell and some of his associates—a real enthusiast, but at the same time licentious in his morals.

"He had my father very frequently with him in the evenings, and kept him to very late hours. They were understood to pass much of their time in prayer, and in settling the high points of Calvinism; for their creed was that of Geneva. Lord Grange was not unentertaining in conversation, for he had a great many anecdotes which he related agreeably, and was fair-complexioned, good-looking, and insinuating.

"After those meetings for private prayer, however, in which they passed several hours before supper, praying alternately, they did not part without wine; for my mother used to complain of their late hours, and suspected that the claret had flowed liberally. Notwithstanding this intimacy, there were periods of half a year at a time when there

was no intercourse between them at all. My father's conjecture was, that at those times he was engaged in a course of debauchery at Edinburgh, and interrupted his religious exercises. For in those intervals he not only neglected my father's company, but absented himself from church, and did not attend the sacrament—religious services which at other times he would not have neglected for the world. Report, however, said that he and his associates—of whom a Mr. Michael Menzies, a brother of the Laird of St. Germain's, and Thomas Elliott, W.S. (the father of Sir John Elliott, physician in London), were two—passed their time in alternate scenes of the exercises of religion and debauchery, spending the day in meetings for prayer and pious conversation, and their nights in lewdness and revelling. Some men are of opinion that they could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears, during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part."

From these and other strange inconsistencies he draws the philosophic and liberal conclusion: "The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the Church of Rome." The other inhabitants of Prestonpans succeed in order due, and are all, notable and obscure, presented to us with accuracy and effect. Among the notables was Colonel Gardiner, whose melancholy death, so near his own house, derived perhaps additional interest from the well-known circumstance of his miraculous conversion, related by Dr. Doddridge. But Carlyle's rigid impartiality will not allow him to glorify his parish with the residence of the hero of so strange a story; or to acquiesce in the verdict passed by his biographer on his modesty and wisdom. "Gardiner," he says, "was a noted enthusiast, a very weak, honest, and brave man, who had once been a great rake, and was converted, as he told my father, by his reading a book called *Gurnall's Christian Armour*, which his mother had put in his trunk many years before." The facts are then narrated, almost from the lips of Gardiner himself, and there is nothing of the marvellous in them from beginning to end. "Dr. Doddridge," he says, "has marred this story, either through mistake, or through a desire to make Gar-

diner's conversion more supernatural, for he introduces some sort of meteor or blaze of light that alarmed the new convert." The learned and accurate editor of this work gives the passage from Doddridge in a foot-note, and we see that Carlyle's statement of the biographer's exaggeration is greatly undercharged. Instead of a blaze of light alarming his hero, Doddridge describes a visible representation of our Saviour on the cross, and a voice upbraiding him for his sins. It is not likely that Gardiner added those embellishments, for he never varied in the particulars of the incident, and was in the habit of telling the story whenever he had the chance.

"I have heard him tell the story," says Carlyle, "at least three or four times, to different sorts of people, for he was not shy or backward to speak on the subject as many would have been." Rigid impartiality, and a natural tendency to expose the pretensions of "shams" and "windbags," were the characteristics of this earlier possessor and illustrator of the name of Carlyle, to an extent which would have endeared him to its present wearer. In power of picturesque or humorous description, it would be hard to choose between Alexander and Thomas. The following scene ought to have Hogarth's portrait of Lord Lovat for its frontispiece. It must have been a strange reflection to the author, that he had spent a long day in the company of the two greatest rascals at that time unchanged.

"In summer 1741 I remained for the most part at home, and it was about that time that my old schoolmaster, Mr. Hannan, having died of fever, and Mr. John Halket having come in his place, I was witness to a scene that made a strong impression upon me. This Mr. Halket had been tutor to Lord Lovat's eldest son Simon, afterwards well known as General Fraser. Halket had remained two years with Lovat, and knew all his ways. But he had parted with him on his coming to Edinburgh for the education of that son, to whom he gave a tutor of a superior order, Mr. Hugh Blair, afterwards the celebrated doctor. But he still retained so much regard for Halket that he thought proper to fix his second son, Alexander Fraser, with him at the school of Prestonpans, believing that he was a much more proper hand for training an untutored savage than the mild and elegant Dr. Blair. It was in the course of this summer that Lovat brought

his son Alexander to be placed with Halket, from whom, understanding that I was a young scholar living in the town who might be useful to his son, he ordered Halket to invite me to dine with him and his company at Lucky Vint's, a celebrated village tavern in the west end of the town.

"His company consisted of Mr. Erskine of Grange, with three or four gentlemen of the name of Fraser, one of whom was his man of business, together with Halket, his son Alexander, and myself. The two old gentlemen disputed for some time which of them should say grace. At last Lovat yielded, and gave us two or three pious sentences in French, which Mr. Erskine and I understood, and we only. As soon as we were set, Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from the dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I answered that they were not whittings, but, according to the proverb, he that got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off. This saying takes its rise from the superiority of haddocks to whittings in the Firth of Forth. Upon this his lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons; he was sure they must be whittings, as he had bespoke them. Halket tipped me the wink, and I retracted, saying that I had but little skill, and as his lordship had bespoke them, I must certainly be mistaken. Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was quite pleased with, swearing again that he never could eat a haddock all his life. The landlady told me afterwards that as he had been very peremptory against haddocks, and she had no other, she had made her cook carefully scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders, which she had often done before with success. We had a very good plain dinner. As the claret was excellent, and circulated fast, the two old gentlemen grew very merry, and their conversation became youthful and gay. What I observed was, that Grange, without appearing to flatter, was very observant of Lovat, and did every thing to please him. He had provided Geordy Sym, who was Lord Drummorie's piper, to entertain Lovat after dinner; but though he was reckoned the best piper in the country, Lovat despised him, and said he was only fit to play reels to Grange's oyster-women. He grew frisky at last, however, and upon Kate Vint, the landlady's daughter, coming into the room, he insisted on her staying to dance with him. She was a handsome girl, with fine black eyes and an agreeable person; and though without the advantages of dress or manners, she, by means of her good sense and a bashful air, was very alluring. She was a mistress of Lord Drummorie, who lived in the neighborhood; and though her mother

would not part with her, as she drew much company to the house, she was said to be faithful to him; except only in the case of Captain Merry, who married her, and soon after went abroad with his regiment. When he died she enjoyed the pension. She had two sons by Drummore and one by Merry. One of the first was a pretty lad and a good officer, for he was a master and commander before he died. Lovat was at this time seventy-five, and Grange not much younger; yet the wine and the young woman emboldened them to dance a reel, till Kate, observing Lovat's legs as thick as posts, fell a laughing, and ran off. She missed her second course of kisses, as was then the fashion of the country, though she had endured the first, this was a scene not easily forgotten.

"Lovat was tall and stately, and might have been handsome in his youth, with a very flat nose. His manner was not disagreeable, though his address consisted chiefly in gross flattery and in the due application of money. He did not make on me the impression of a man of a leading mind. His suppleness and profligacy were apparent. The convivium was not over, though the evening approached. He conveyed his son to the house where he was to be boarded, for Halket had not taken up house; and there, while we drank tea, he won the heart of the landlady, a decent widow of a shipmaster, and of her niece, by fair speeches, intermixed with kisses to the niece, who was about thirty, and such advices as a man in a state of ebriety could give. The coach was in waiting, but Grange would not yet part with him, and insisted on his accepting of a banquet from him at his house in Preston. Lovat was in a yielding humor, and it was agreed to. The Frasers, who were on horseback, were sent to Edinburgh, the boy was left with his dame, and Lovat and Grange, and Halket and I, went up to Preston, only a quarter of a mile distant, and were received in Grange's library, a cube of twenty feet, in a pavilion of the house which extended into a small wilderness of not more than half an acre, which was sacred to Grange's private walks, and to which there was no entry but through the pavilion. This wilderness was said to be his place of retreat from his lady when she was in her fits of termagancy, which were not unfrequent, and were said by his minions to be devoted to meditation and prayer. But as there was a secret door to the fields, it was reported that he had occasionally admitted fair maidens to solace him for his sufferings from the clamor of his wife. This room had been well stored with books from top to bottom, but at this time was much thinned, there remaining only a large collection of books on *dæmonologia*, which was

Grange's particular study. In this room there was a fine collection of fruit and biscuits, and a new deluge of excellent claret. At ten o'clock the two old gentlemen mounted their coach to Edinburgh, and thus closed a very memorable day."

The people who talk disparagingly of the grim pomposity and sour Presbyterianism of the Scotch find no corroboration in this account of the manners of the olden time. In every page there is some anecdote of the most riotous hilarity, whether among sages of the law or pillars of the Kirk; the whole race seemed to be devoted to picnics and high jinks; and even Carlyle, having survived to the quieter period when people only danced to the genteelst of tunes, hurried over some of the incidents as if doubtful of their exact propriety in the personages engaged. He gives the most amazing revelation, for instance, of a succession of jovialities and eccentricities, which would scarcely be tolerated at the present time in a troop of strolling players;—and yet the performers were venerable ministers of the gospel, who seemed unconscious all the time of the incongruity of their behavior.

"At this time, too, I made a very agreeable tour round the country with my father and Mr. Robert Jardine [minister of Lochmaben], the father of Dr. Jardine, afterwards minister of Edinburgh. Though they were very orthodox and pious clergymen, they had, both of them, a very great turn for fun and buffoonery; and wherever they went, made all the children quite happy, and set all the maids on the titter. That they might not want amusement, they took along with them, for the first two days, a Mess John Allan, a minister who lay in their route, with whom they could use every sort of freedom, and who was their constant butt. As he had no resistance in him, and could only laugh when they rallied him or played him boyish tricks, I thought it but very dull entertainment. Nor did I much approve of their turning the backsides of their wigs foremost, and making faces to divert the children, in the midst of very grave discourse about the state of religion in the country, and the progress of the gospel. Among the places we visited was Bridekirk, the seat of the eldest cadet of Lord Carlyle's family, of which my father was descended. I saw, likewise, a small pendicle of the estate which had been assigned as the portion of his grandfather, and which he himself had tried to recover by a lawsuit, but was defeated for want of a principal paper. The laird was gone to Dum-

fries, much to our disappointment; but the lady came out, and, in her excess of kindness, had almost pulled Mr. Jardine off his horse; but they were obstinate, and said they were obliged to go to Kelhead; but they delivered up Mess John Allan to her, as they had no further use for him. I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster-women of Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of a Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer-glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy-bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient."

Having obtained a bursary or exhibition to Glasgow, the author went to the University there, in the year 1743. O great and wondrous city, teeming with wealth and energy, thy mills thundering with innumerable wheels, and thy leviathans of the deep dashing the farthest waters of the Pacific into foam, with thy gingham overloading the markets of Timbuctoo, and thy finer fabrics surpassing the elegance and beauty of the workmanship of Persia and Hindostan, look back on the days of thy youth, a hundred and eighteen years ago, and be humble!

"The city of Glasgow at this time, though very industrious, wealthy, and commercial, was far inferior to what it afterwards became, both before and after the failure of the Virginia trade. The modes of life, too, and manners, were different from what they are at present. Their chief branches were the tobacco trade with the American colonies, and sugar and rum with the West Indies. There were not manufacturers sufficient, either there or at Paisley, to supply an outward-bound cargo for Virginia. For this purpose they were obliged to have recourse to Manchester. Manufactures were

in their infancy. About this time the inkle manufactory was first begun by Ingram and Glasford, and was shown to strangers as a great curiosity. But the merchants had industry and stock, and the habits of business, and were ready to seize with eagerness, and prosecute with vigor, every new object in commerce or manufactures that promised success.

"There were only a few families of ancient citizens who pretended to be gentlemen; and a few others, who were recent settlers there, who had obtained wealth and consideration in trade. The rest were shopkeepers and mechanics, or successful peddlers, who occupied large warerooms full of manufactures of all sorts, to furnish a cargo to Virginia. It was usual for the sons of merchants to attend the College for one or two years, and a few of them completed their academical education. In this respect the females were still worse off, for at that period there was neither a teacher of French nor of music in the town. The consequence of this was twofold; first, the young ladies were entirely without accomplishments, and in general had nothing to recommend them but good looks and fine clothes, for their manners were ungainly. Secondly, the few who were distinguished drew all the young men of sense and taste about them; for, being void of frivolous accomplishments, which in some respects make all women equal, they trusted only to superior understanding and wit, to natural elegance and unaffected manners.

"The manner of living, too, at this time, was but coarse and vulgar. Very few of the wealthiest gave dinners to anybody but English riders, or their own relations at Christmas holidays. There were not half a dozen families in town who had men-servants; some of those were kept by the professors who had boarders. There were neither post-chaises nor hackney-coaches in the town, and only three or four sedan-chairs for carrying midwives about in the night, and old ladies to church, or to the dancing assemblies once a fortnight.

"The principal merchants, fatigued with the morning's business, took an early dinner with their families at home, and then resorted to the coffee-house or tavern to read the newspapers, which they generally did in companies of four or five in separate rooms, over a bottle of claret or a bowl of punch. But they never stayed supper, but always went home by nine o'clock, without company or further amusement. At last an arch fellow from Dublin, a Mr. Cockaine, came to be master of the chief coffee-house, who seduced them gradually to stay supper by placing a few nice cold things at first on the table, as relishers to the wine, till he gradually

led them on to bespeak fine hot suppers, and to remain till midnight."

Meantime the Professors pursued their learned courses, and furnished materials to the chiel among them taking notes. These notes are only less valuable than some others in the work, from the subjects of them not being so distinguished in public life; but as presentments of individual character, they have all the merits of his more finished drawings. Two years' residence enables him to give an account of men and manners which must have peculiar interest for the merchant princes of the present time. The third year of the young exhibitor was to be spent at some foreign university, and Leyden was fixed on as the most accessible. In the mean time he devoted the summer of 1745 to preparations for his entry on the ministry, and for this purpose canvassed the clergy of his presbytery, and, we need not say, photographed them with his usual skill. Having passed his preliminary trials, he was on his way to visit his relations in the south, when, at the beginning of September, he heard some news which turned his thoughts in another direction. This was the landing of Prince Charles Edward, who had been joined by many of the clans, and might be expected to break down into the low country, unless Sir John Cope, who was then on his march north, should meet with them and disperse them. Then follows a graphic account of the preparations within the city of Edinburgh, as the rebels approached from day to day, and round the outer walls "the cry was still they come." It was calculated that of the men in the town, two-thirds were Whigs or Hanoverians, and of the ladies, that an equal proportion were Jacobites. Unfortunately, the provost of the time was on the Pretender's side, and frustrated all the preparations for defence. Volunteers offered from all classes of society.

Carlyle joined the college company, and was put through the manual exercise along with his friends Robertson, John Home, William Wilkie, George Logan, and many more. They were busy in learning their exercise during the whole of Saturday the 14th. Bruce of Kennet arrived with a considerable body of volunteers from his country. Sir Robert Dickson marched on with one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty from Musselburg and Inveresk, and

this increased the strength and added to the courage of the inhabitants. The sequel as regards public affairs is well known; how panic or treachery prevented the inhabitants from defending their homes, how the principal of the University besought the student corps not to risk the flower of the nation against such valueless opponents as the Highland forces; and how, finally, while some of the more gallant spirits resolved to join the regular army, the peaceable and terrified population heard of the approach of the invaders, and, looking across the valley lying at the north of the High Street, at that time filled with a marshy loch (and now the site of the beautiful Princes Street Gardens, and the monument to Sir Walter Scott), they saw on the top of the opposite hill, now the situation of the stately George Street, but then called "The Lang Dykes," two regiments of King's Dragoons in disorderly retreat from Colt Bridge to Leith. Submission, except on the part of the Castle, was the only plan, and Prince Charles very soon took up his abode in Holyrood. Carlyle and his companions had found their way to the tents of Cope's army near Dunbar; but finding no accommodation for man or beast, nor any great appreciation of the value of their services, our author called on his friend Colonel Gardiner. "He looked pale and dejected, which I attributed to his bad health and the fatigue he had lately undergone. I began to ask him if he was not now quite satisfied with the junction of the foot with the dragoons, and confident that they would give account of the rebels? He answered dejectedly, that he hoped it might be so, but—, and then made a long pause. I said that, to be sure, they had made a hasty retreat. 'A foul flight,' said he, 'Sandie, and they have not recovered from their panic; and I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment who I am certain will follow me. But we must give them battle now, and God's will be done!'"

The battle was given, the particulars of which it is needless to dwell on. Some unaccountable terror paralyzed the English, and some wild enthusiasm animated the Gael. Carlyle, from the top of Prestonpans steeple, observed the enemy's motions, and reported them to the aide-de-camp of Sir John Cope. When the darkness came on,

he descended from his speculative tower, and, getting abed with some difficulty, fell fast asleep.

"I had no need to be awaked, though the maid was punctual, for I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden where there was a mount in the south-east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By and by a Highland officer whom I knew to be Lord Elcho passed with his train, and had a savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.

"The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety than I had done to unappeased fury; I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept."

The description of the battle contains nothing new—a feeble discharge of the royal troops—a rush and a shriek from their opponents—a narrow road between two walls, filled with fugitives, whom the broadsword pursued with inevitable edge, surpassing even the slaughter at Kilsyth under the gal-

lant Montrose, where one of the Highlanders said, with a grin of contempt for lowland habiliments, "At every stroke I cut an ell o' breeks." Wounded officers were lodged in the neighboring houses, and Carlyle volunteered to go in search of the medicine-chests which the surgeons had left among the baggage. A guard was furnished to defend him from stragglers, and he took his way to the camp. "It was not long before we got to Cockenzie, where, under the protection of my guard, I had an opportunity of seeing this victorious army. In general they were of low stature, and dirty, and of a contemptible appearance. The officers with whom I mixed were gentleman-like and very civil to me, as I was on an errand of humanity. I was conducted to Lochiel, who was polished and gentle, and who ordered a soldier to make all the inquiry he could about the medicine-chests of the dragoons. This view I had of the rebel army confirmed me in the prepossession that nothing but the weakest and most unaccountable bad conduct on our part could have possibly given them the victory. God forbid that Britain should ever again be in danger of being overrun by such a despicable enemy; for, at the best, the Highlanders were at that time but a raw militia who were not cowards." Their prince, also, was not the sort of chief to make up for deficiencies of means by wisdom or courage. Carlyle saw him several times, and describes him as a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches, his hair dark red, and his eyes black. He mounted his horse and rode off through St. Ann's Yards and the Duke's Walk to his army. There was no crowd after him; about three or four hundred each day. By that time curiosity was satisfied. "The court at Holyrood," he adds, "was dull and sombre. The prince was melancholy: he seemed to have no confidence in anybody, not even the ladies, who were much his friends. He was thought to have loitered too long in Edinburgh; and, without doubt, had he marched immediately to Newcastle, he might have distressed the city of London not a little. But besides that his army wanted clothing and necessaries, the victory at Preston put an end to his authority. He had not a mind fit for command at any time, far less to rule the Highland chiefs in prosperity."

This for a time puts an end to the home

experiences of our author, for even while the march was going on into England, men's minds were sufficiently made up as to the impossibility of the rebels' success, so that business and amusement resumed their old channels, and he prepared for his voyage to Holland to commence his student life at Leyden. There the same exquisite power of depicting character is perceived. His fellow-students are brought before us in their habits as they lived; and among these were Dr. John Gregory, the founder of the line of celebrated Edinburgh physicians, whose names are still remembered with respect. John Wilkes, hideous, insolent, and immoral as in his noon of fame; and Charles Townshend, afterwards a distinguished statesman, and "husband to Lady Dalkeith, the mother of the Duke of Buccleuch." This latter circumstance, without doubt, freshens the memory of the recorder of his sayings and doings, and the Leyden scholar probably owes some touches in his picture to the sittings he furnished the artist when he occupied Dalkeith House, and exercised the power and influence of his step-son, the duke. Great regrets have always been expressed that none of Charles Townshend's speeches in Parliament have been adequately reported, for all his contemporaries agreed that he was the most brilliant and effective speaker of that time. His wit, also, has been handed down by tradition as excelling that of all his rivals; but a few of the truthful revelations of Carlyle tend to make us congratulate the wit and orator that he rests in the magnifying atmosphere of the unknown; for the probability is, that a closer acquaintance might destroy the originality of his speeches and retorts. People at the present day are satisfied to gather their opinions from the *Times*, and their jocosity from *Punch*; but as we are all equally well up in those recondite authorities, no great reputation is gained either as punsters or politicians. Ancient diners-out have made the confession that they spent an hour or two before dressing in reading *Burton's Anatomy* or *Peter Bayle*; nearer our own time many a table has been illuminated by the reflected light of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; but Charles Townshend was bolder than those trainers for colloquial championships. "Wilkes was very fond of shining in conversation," says Carlyle, "very prematurely, for at that time

he had but little knowledge, except what he derived from his Utrecht friend, Immateriality Baxter, as he was called."

"In the art of shining, however, he was much outdone by Charles Townshend, who was not above a year older, and had still less furniture in his head; but then his person and manners were more engaging. He had more wit and humor, and a turn for mimicry; and, above all, had the talent of translating other men's thoughts, which they had produced in the simple style of conversation, into the most charming language, which not only took the ear but elevated the thoughts. No person I ever knew nearly equalled Charles Townshend in this talent but Dr. Robertson, who, though he had a very great fund of knowledge and thought of his own, was yet so passionately fond of shining, that he seized what was nearest at hand—the conversation of his friends of that morning or the day before—and embellished it with such rich language, that they hardly knew it again themselves, insomuch that he was the greatest plagiarist in conversation that ever I knew. It is to this, probably, that his biographer alludes (his strong itch for shining), when he confesses he liked his conversation best when he had not an audience."

An exaggeration of this cramming for society is furnished by the utterly ludicrous habit of another of the students, of the name of Monckley, who pumped young Gregory on all topics, great or small, asking his opinions, and the facts he founded them on, and then spouting them all, facts and opinions, as his own. Gregory, who had no desire for applause, submitted in peace to these verbal larcenies; but on one occasion contradicted him in the middle of a pompous harangue, materials for which he had derived from the morning's consultation. The bladders being suddenly removed, the miserable Monckley found himself in deep water, and could only say, "Surely, this was not always your opinion," and sank for the rest of the evening.

When the Leyden session was over, Carlyle must have felt some regret at his approaching descent from the sunshine of the world of wit, learning, and sociality, he had so long enjoyed, into the comparative dullness of a country manse. But some natures carry their own sunshine with them; and Carlyle's home could not have been a dull one even at the Kirk o' Shotts. As a kind of farewell to his unprofessional enjoyments,

he spent a short time in London, on his way from Holland, in the gayest and most fashionable circles. The Scotch probationer may be supposed to have been somewhat out of his element in dining with young guardsmen, and dancing with countesses, at a *ridotta* in the Haymarket. But we learn in the earlier part of the *Memoirs*, that his dancing had been carefully attended to; his face and figure, we know from his pictures, were models of grace and beauty; his manners, we learn even from his caricaturists, were dignified and refined; and we cannot help seeing that the future minister of Inveresk was a fit associate for the highest in the land. He was a fit associate also for the cleverest and most distinguished. With Smollett he formed a friendship which lasted through their lives. Carlyle was in the London Coffee-house with him when the news of Culloden arrived, and saw the bitterness of Matthew Bramble roused in no small degree by the rejoicings of a London mob over what he considered the defeat of his countrymen. The "Tears of Scotland," a poem which had a great success, was the result of this morbid feeling. "Smollett," says his friend, "though a Tory, was not a Jacobite; but he had the feelings of a Scotch gentleman on the reported cruelties that were said to be exercised after the battle of Culloden." But the sentiments even of the English army were very mixed on this most ill-used victory. Lyon, an Englishman, though of Scottish parents, and an officer in the Guards, professes his pleasure, as a loyal subject, that the rebellion is quelled, but "I'm sorry," he adds, "it has been accomplished by the Duke of Cumberland; for if he was before the most insolent of all commanders, what will he be now?" Leaving this and other difficult questions to be answered by time and experience, our author rides down to Edinburgh, and takes up his abode once more in the manse of Prestonpans. "Oh! be careful, Sandie," his mother probably said, "how ye behave yersel, now ye've got away from your friends in the south; walk doucely with your eyes on the ground, like godly Sanders Faracy, the Seceding elder at Portobello; keep your hat over your brows, and never go beyond a trot when you mount your nag." We fear—if these cautions were addressed to the youthful minister—that he never laid them

seriously to heart; for we are told, that when he was presented to the parish of Inveresk in 1748, a list of "objections" was handed in, among which appeared, "that he danced frequently in a manner prohibited by the laws of the Church; that he wore his hat agee, and had been seen galloping through the Links one day between one and two o'clock." The prophetic nature of his appointment, above alluded to, however, rescued him from the effect of these heinous sins, and he was formally installed in a parish which, besides its advantages in stipend and situation, was within visiting distance with his old friends at Prestonpans; with Hew Bannatyne of Ormiston, Robertson of Gladsmuir, and John Home of Athelstaneford. Edinburgh, he might have added, was within an easy ride, where he rapidly formed friendships with men as learned and intelligent, and, we may add, as good judges of claret, as his country neighbors. Something delightful about John Home reconciles us to the over success of his very inflated *Douglas*, and the littleness of character which come out under the microscope of his companion. What can be more charming as a likeness than this description?—

"John Home was an admirable companion, and most acceptable to all strangers who were not offended with the levities of a young clergyman, for he was very handsome and had a fine person, about five feet ten and a half inches, and an agreeable catching address; he had not much wit, and still less humor, but he had so much sprightliness and vivacity, and such an expression of benevolence in his manner, and such an unceasing flattery of those he liked (and he never kept company with anybody else)—the kind commendations of a lover, not the adulation of a sycophant—that he was truly irresistible, and his entry into a company was like opening a window and letting the sun into a dark room."

Preaching admirable sermons, attending excellent dinners, delighting his parishioners with his social qualities, and gradually acquiring a reputation for ability which promised the highest eminence in his profession, the minister of Inveresk kept himself for some time out of the party discussions which began to disturb the Church. We will follow John Home's sensible advice, conveyed in rather roundabout heroics—

"Oh! rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been."

Commending the narrative of debates in Presbyteries and Assemblies, the assault by the "Highflyers" on the "Moderates," the opposition to the law of patronage, and the triumphant overthrow of all attempts to alter the settled order of things, to those who are curious about the small beginnings from which great results arise, it suffices for us to point out the various classes to whom his volume will have a peculiar interest. Established Kirk and Free are equally represented. But the view we take of it at present limits us to its extraordinary merit as a collection of personal anecdotes. The leader, for instance, of the party which, we suppose, would not have disdained the name of Evangelical, was Dr. Webster, a man well known for his ability, and also as the founder of the Widows' Fund; of his exertions against the Moderates, of whom Robertson, the historian, and Carlyle, were the chief champions, we need not speak. The prize will be adjudged according as the reader leans to the support of a national church subordinate to the law, or a dissenting body endeavoring to dominate, or, at all events, to ignore the civil courts; but both parties, at the time of the bitterest feud, acknowledged Dr. Webster's matchless qualification for the guidance of an ecclesiastical party, in the one point, that he was a five bottle man, preserving to the last bumper the most sanctimonious respectability of look and manner, and able to lay his companions under the table without the slightest effort. "This had brought on him," says Carlyle, "the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum, but, never being indecently the worse of liquor, and a love of claret to any degree not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned." In another place, he incidentally alludes to the same subject, when a fitting opponent was found to the reverend sandbank of the Highflyers:—"Dr. Patrick Cuming," he says, "was at this time at the head of the Moderate interest, and, had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long; for he had both learning and sagacity and very agreeable conversation, *with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.*" We have heard of constitutions being strong

enough to stand any climate, or any amount of fatigue; but the "conviviality" of 1753 must have been more trying to health than a journey to the deserts of Africa, or a residence in the Campagna of Rome. With what hopeless emulation the younger generation must have accompanied either leader, perhaps as far as his second bottle, must be left to our imagination, while the triumphant

"Doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a vast abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times."

One incident, however, though intimately connected with Church politics, with which we profess not to interfere, we must dwell on for a little, as presenting us with some strange information on a point of literary history. John Home, the pleasant and popular minister of Athelstaneford, after various attempts at the drama, which remained in the privacy of his desk, at last produced the tragedy of *Douglas*. It is difficult for us to enter into the raptures expressed by the chief men of letters of the time, of the merits of this work. They were all imbued, to be sure, with a taste for the declamatory style of Racine and Corneille, and had not quite recovered from the assaults directed by the classicists against the savage of Stratford-on-Avon; but friendship for his companion and namesake probably entered into David Hume's criticism when he proclaimed it "a perfect play." When other learned personages pronounced the same decision, the minister of Athelstaneford announced his intention of carrying it in person to London and offering it to Garrick. As a bridegroom is escorted home from church, as a young heir is surrounded by his friends on taking possession of his estates, as a king is guarded by princes and nobles on entering his capital after a triumphant campaign, blithe Johnnie crosses the border, attended by an admiring body-guard of the ministers of the Merse and other parts of the country. Nine or ten parsons, booted and spurred, trotting on their Galloways, to keep the immortal drama and its well-beloved author from harm, must have excited no little curiosity in the villages they passed through. Saddle-bags were scarce, for the journey was to be short, and shaving or night-shirts

were not indispensable to the retinue; but great was their consternation when they found that the object of their solicitude had no saddle-bags himself, though bound for the great city, and that the invaluable manuscript was exposed to all the chances and perils of a place in his greatcoat pocket! A foray was made on a neighboring manse, to procure a safer conveyance for the literary Koh-i-noor, and the pilgrims continued their course to Woolerhaughhead. Jolly the supper must have been, and uproarious the fun, in spite of the inferior quality of the inn, for Carlyle and Home, who slept in the same room, were disturbed in the middle of the night by a dreadful noise in the next apartment, and found it arose from a quarrel between a certain Mr. Laurie and another Merse man, the sharer of his couch, whom after a noisy and vehement struggle he had succeeded in kicking out of bed. The rest of the journey after the departure of the Berwickshire cavalcade was finished without accident, and John Home presented his tragedy to David Garrick. David was unconvinced by the testimonials of the northern lights, and declined to bring it out. The author returned without any demonstration on the part of his admiring friends, and made himself as charming and fascinating as ever. But Caledonia, stern and wild, would not allow her poetic progeny to be so despised. If London has not the taste to perceive the beauty of Lady Randolph, there is not a lady in Edinburgh who will not see the excellence of every line. So national pride coming into the question, the Theatre Royal was secured, the actors were instructed in their parts by the wits and philosophers, and applauded when the curtain drew up by the beauty and fashion, and John Home was the Scottish Shakspeare. That a Shakspeare should arise in the Canongate, and not be supported by the best educated and most literary body in the country, was not to be thought of; and on the third night, to witness the pecuniary reward of their friend as well as the reality of his triumph, Carlyle and others of the cloth made their appearance in the house. No actual law of the Church was contravened by this proceeding. It was known that the rural clergy, in their visits to the metropolis, did not deny themselves the gratification of seeing the excel-

lent acting of Digges and his company, and no notice was taken of their dramatic taste. But when the noble countenance and commanding figure of the eloquent and unsparing "opponent," as he was called, "of fanaticism," the friend of David Hume, and patronizer of dancing and penny whist, was seen in the stage-box the Highflyers were frightened from their propriety, and accused him before the Presbytery of the high crime and misdemeanor of having entered into friendly conversation, and even having had social meetings, with actors and actresses, "persons who by their profession, and in the eye of the law, are of bad fame, and cannot obtain from any minister a testimonial of their moral character." He defended his cause with great success, though Dr. Webster, who was furious against all breaches of decorum except those of the table, took the lead against him, and decoyed the former leader of the Moderates, Dr. Patrick Cuming, to his side. The number of bottles those two champions of orthodoxy and Bacchus must have consumed over their reconciliation, would have puzzled the late Joseph Hume, but the final result was, that Carlyle was triumphant in the General Assembly by an immense majority; that John Home, the fount and origin of the evil, resigned his living without a word of rebuke; and the clergy for awhile were permitted to frequent the theatre.

Whether a continuance of that permission might not have had a favorable influence on the stage, and preserved us from the coarseness and buffoonery which, there is no denying, at one time characterized the pieces produced, we cannot tell. But we cannot help thinking that the wrong method had been pursued in banishing theatrical amusements altogether, instead of raising their tone, by elevating the moral feeling of the audience. If Dean Milman and the Bishop of London presented the spectacle of genius and religion witnessing the mode in which their countrymen spent their hours of relaxation, the lowest occupant of the gallery would hiss the slightest approach to impropriety in language or position in so purifying and exalting a presence. "It is remarkable," says Carlyle, in commenting on this incident, "that in the year 1784, when the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, first appeared in Edinburgh during the sitting of the Gen-

eral Assembly, that court was forced to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon." Robertson and Blair, however, held aloof from this open demonstration of their liberal feelings on the question, and limited their patronage of the players to the cultivation of the great actress' friendship in private. A mean compromise, exclaims the pugnacious moderate, "for they got no credit for their abstinence, and the struggle between the liberal and the restrained and affected manners of the clergy had been long at an end, by my having finally stood my ground, and been so well supported by so great a majority in the Church."

The success of *Douglas* in Edinburgh, led to its production in London, where, although Garrick maintained his original opinion that it was not fit for the stage, it was received with unanimous applause. Theatrical applause in those days was generally the herald of more substantial things. On this occasion, Lord Bute, the governor of the Prince of Wales, and afterwards the ruler of the nation, became attached to the captivating author with the warmth of personal friendship; procured a pension for him, and was for many years guided by his advice. The secret influence behind the throne which occasioned so much parliamentary eloquence and public indignation would have been found, if inquiry had been made beyond the ostensible favorite and statesman, in the person of a displaced Scotch minister, the kindest hearted, merriest mannered of his tribe, who never missed an opportunity of benefitting a friend, and never availed himself of an opportunity to advance or enrich himself.

A journey to the great metropolis in 1758, united Carlyle to his old companion; and as Robertson was also besieging Paternoster Row with the first volumes of his *History of Scotland*, "three blither lads were not to be found in Christendie." Little information is given us of public affairs at this time; and, indeed, the worthy trio had little leisure for such small concerns as the war with France and the glorious administration of Chatham. A club was formed for social intercourse, and, after the manner of our

countrymen, it was almost limited to "our noble selves." The list of members is strictly Caledonian; "there were J. Home and Robertson and Wedderburn and Jack Dalrymple and Bob Adam, Adam Ferguson, and myself." With such a set, perhaps, no foreign admixture was required; and in spite of Carlyle's complacent statement with regard to his correct English pronunciation, there might be another reason for confining the conversation to men who were to the language born; for we are presented with a somewhat suspicious anecdote of Dr. Congalton, at this time one of the set, and medical attendant on Sir David Kinloch. "I said to him one day, 'Charlie, how do you like the English, now that you have seen them twice, for two or three months?' 'I cannot answer your question,' replied he, 'for I am not acquainted with any of them.' 'What! not acquainted?' said I. 'Yes,' says he, 'I have seen half a dozen of them calling on Sir David, but I never enter into conversation with the John Bulls, for to tell you the truth, I don't yet well understand what they say.'" The story thus related loses half its humor, from the correct English in which Charlie's disclaimer is conveyed. If the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* had at that time been published—the first novel which ventured on the native Doric—Carlyle would have seen the necessity of putting Charlie's confession into the very broadest of Scotch. Dr. Congalton, however, we hope, repaid himself for his involuntary silence among the John Bulls, by the most ferocious prolixity among his associates at their weekly meetings at the British Coffee-house. Properly it was a physicians' club, and Home, Robertson, and Carlyle were only honorary members. But the catalogue of practitioners, all determined by pill and bolus to revenge the slaughter of their countrymen at Flodden, present us with very distinguished names, all redolent of claret and heather: Pitcairn, Armstrong, Orme, and Dickson, William Hunter, Clephan, and Graham of Pall Mall. Hunter—great himself, and only equalled by his brother John—had a standing toast to which the club did honor, "May no English nobleman venture out of the world without a Scottish physician, as I am sure there are none who venture in!"

But clubs supplied society for only two nights in the week, and what was to be done

with the other five? Glimpses are given us of the higher stage on which dukes and ministers were strutting their hour, but the real stage of Drury Lane had more charms for the emancipated ministers and the dramatic poet.

"Garriek, though not of an understanding of the first, nor of the highest cultivated mind, had great vivacity and quickness, and was very entertaining company. Though vanity was his prominent feature, and a troublesome and watchful jealousy the constant visible guard of his reputation to a ridiculous degree, yet his desire to oblige, his want of arrogance, and the delicacy of his mimicry, made him very agreeable. He had no affected reserve, but, on the least hint, would start up at any time and give the company one of his best speeches. As Garriek had been in Dublin when I was in London in 1746, I assiduously attended him at this time, and saw him in all his principal parts, both in tragedy and comedy. He used to say himself, that he was more at home in comedy than in tragedy, and I was of his opinion. I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection. There may be a deception in this, for every well-educated person has formed to himself some idea of the characters, both in ancient and modern tragedy, and if the actor falls short of that, he is thought to be deficient in judgment: whereas comedy being an imitation of living manners, as they rise in succession among inferior orders of men, the spectator can have formed no rule or standard of judgment previous to the representation, but must accept of the picture the actor gives him, and must approve of it, if it is lively, though it should not be true.

"Garriek was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesey Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honor of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the 'Land of Cakes.' Garriek met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were

John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the year [1773]. He was held by his companions to be in every respect as clever and able a man as his elder brother the chancellor, with a much more gay, popular, and social temper.

"Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing-ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his royal highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess: the duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously, Mrs. Garriek, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company."

"Garriek had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakspeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garriek, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay and well pleased with each other on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple, I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests."

At this time the Scotch clergy were alarmed with a threat that the window-tax was to be extended to their manse, and Carlyle exercised his influence and habits of business in warding off the blow. Greater prominence is given to this question than its importance deserves; but it shows how completely the author adopted the professional feelings of the cloth, and how natural it was that presbyteries and synods should soften in their estimate of a frequenter of plays and visitor of Garrick, when they saw the efforts he made on their behalf. It was not merely with a view to his own importance that he rode in Hyde Park with Lord Bute, and supped with the Duke of Argyll.

Romance writers have regretted, with great justice, the easy travelling of the present day, where, unless you are favored with a collision of trains, there is no adventure possible. Smollet, who became one of the chosen brothers during this visit to London, could never have got through his three volumes without strange incidents on the road, and at the inns where the wagon put up; and Carlyle is indebted to the same unfailing sources for scenes equal to those in *Roderick Random*. But these we must pass over, leaving the reader to imagine the variety of queer incident and acute remark which relieved the fatigue of a ride of four hundred miles, performed between London and their homes by Carlyle and Robertson, Adam the architect, and Home. Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, are described with great vigor; and Birmingham, we are sorry to say, roused no admiration in the soul of the author of *Douglas*, who remarked, after being dragged through an enormous manufactory, "that it seemed there as if God had created man only for making buttons." When they finally crossed the border, they took their different ways, having laid in a stock of presents and trinkets; "Robertson," he says, "for his wife and children at Gladsmuir, and Home and I for the children at Polwarth manse." And thereby hangs a tale. For one of these children was Mary Roddam, who, in two years after this, became his wife. A wise and beautiful creature of eighteen accepted the hand of the mature and now celebrated man of thirty-eight, and the view of his domestic happiness is delightful. Sarah, the elder sister, he tells us, was brought up in a higher sphere than her

junior, being under the guardianship of her relations, the Blacketts of Northumberland.

"Yet Mary, the younger, with no advantage but that of living with an aunt of superior understanding and great worth, though much uneducated, and having only one year of the Edinburgh boarding-school, soon had her mind enlarged and her talents improved by some instruction, and the conversation of those who frequented us, insomuch that in not more than one year after our marriage, she appeared not only without any seeming defect in her education, but like a person of high endowments. Indeed, the quickness of her parts and the extent of her understanding were surprising, and her talent both in speaking and writing, and in delicacy of taste, truly as admirable as any woman I ever knew. Add to this that she was noble and generous in the highest degree, compassionate even to weakness and, if her friends were in distress, totally forgetful and negligent of herself. I do not think it is possible I could derive greater satisfaction from any circumstance in human life than I did from the high approbation which was given to my choice by the very superior men who were my closest and most discerning friends, such as Ferguson, Robertson, Blair, and Bannatine, not merely by words, but by the open, respectful, and confidential manner in which they conversed with her."

But almost from the commencement of their married life, a cloud fell upon their hearthstone which all his energy and joyousness of disposition could not remove. His children died in early youth, and, the last of them dying in 1777, left him desolate for the remainder of his thirty years' pilgrimage. Community of grief, however, only bound him the more to the bereaved mother; and the editor excellently remarks on this, "that while his memoranda record continued visits and receptions of strangers, they bear no trace of his being addicted in later life to the social convivialities where males only can be present; for his faithful partner, Mary, is his almost constant companion, whether his visits be to a ducal mansion in London, or to the quiet manse of some old companion." Meantime, with Hume, and Robertson, and Blair, the even current of his life flowed on, and we must refer to the volume itself for elaborate characters of these his chosen friends. Some anecdotes, however, of David, we cannot pass over, which bring the historian of England before us with remarkable skill. "He

was a man," he says, "of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world."

"He was branded with the title of atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his *History*—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only sceptical. Apropos of this, when Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she said to her son, 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the atheist here to disturb my peace.' But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted, she said to her son, 'I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very atheist,' said he, 'mother, that you was so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with.' This was truly the case with him; for though he had much learning and a fine taste, and was professedly a sceptic, though by no means an atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manners with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was naive almost to puerility.

"I was one of those who never believed that David Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of vain glory. I was confirmed in this opinion, after his death, by what the Honorable Patrick Boyle, one of his most intimate friends, told me many years ago at my house in Musselburgh, where he used to come and dine the first Sunday of every General Assembly, after his brother, Lord Glasgow, ceased to be Lord High Commissioner. When we were talking of David, Mrs. Carlyle asked Mr. Boyle if he thought David Hume was as great an unbeliever as the world took him to be? He answered, that the world judged from his books, as they had a right to do; but he thought otherwise, who had known him all his life, and mentioned the following incident: When David and he were both in London, at the

period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment—for they lodged in the same house—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which David replied, 'Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine.' To this my wife was a witness. This conversation took place the year after David died, when Dr. Hill, who was to preach, had gone to a room to look over his notes.

"At this period, when he first lived in Edinburgh, and was writing his *History of England*, his circumstances were narrow, and he accepted the office of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, worth £40 per annum. But it was not for the salary that he accepted this employment, but that he might have easy access to the books in that celebrated library; for, to my certain knowledge, he gave every farthing of the salary to families in distress. Of a piece with this temper was his curiosity and credulity, which were without bounds, a specimen of which shall be afterwards given when I come down to Militia and the Poker. His economy was strict, as he loved independency; and yet he was able at that time to give suppers to his friends in his small lodging in the Canongate. He took much to the company of the younger clergy, not from a wish to bring them over to his opinions, for he never attempted to overturn any man's principles, but they best understood his notions, and could furnish him with literary conversation. Robertson and John Home and Bannatine and I lived all in the country, and came only periodically to the town. Blair and Jardine both lived in it, and suppers being the only fashionable meal at that time, we dined where we best could, and byadies assembled our friends to meet us in a tavern by nine o'clock; and a fine time it was when we could collect David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Lord Elbank, and Drs. Blair and Jardine, on an hour's warning.

"As Mr. Hume's circumstances improved he enlarged his mode of living, and instead of the roasted hen and minced collops, and a bottle of punch, he gave both elegant din-

ners and suppers, and the best claret, and, which was best of all, he furnished the entertainment with the most instructive and pleasing conversation, for he assembled whosoever were most knowing and agreeable among either the laity or clergy. This he always did, but still more unsparingly when he became what he called rich. For innocent mirth and agreeable raillery I never knew his match. Jardine, who sometimes bore hard upon him—for he had much drollery and wit, though but little learning—never could overturn his temper. Lord Elibank resembled David in his talent for collecting agreeable companions together, and had a house in town for several winters chiefly for that purpose.

"David, who delighted in what the French call *plaisanterie*, with the aid of Miss Nancy Ord, one of the chief baron's daughters, contrived and executed one that gave him very great delight. As the New Town was making its progress westward, he built a house in the south-west corner of St. Andrew Square. The street leading south to Princes Street, had not yet got its name affixed, but they got a workman early one morning to paint on the corner-stone of David's house 'St. David's Street,' where it remains to this day."

Whether David's pleasantry as recorded in the next anecdote was equally agreeable to the subject of it, we are not told. Probably the reference to the great master of Roman eloquence may have neutralized the hint it seems to convey of some degree of stiffness, and perhaps ostentation, in the minister's pulpit ministrations.

"Being at Gilmerton, where David Hume was on a visit, Sir David Kinloch made him go to Athlestaneford church, where I preached for John Home. When we met before dinner, 'What did you mean,' says he to me, 'by treating John's congregation to-day with one of Cicero's academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian.'"

At this time elocution was so highly valued, irrespective of the facts or reasonings it conveyed, that a depreciation of doctrine was perhaps an additional compliment to the mode of delivery. Dr. Blair, who appears to our inflamed palates so *vain* and unseasoned, was considered the model of all the requirements of a Christian orator. Yet, like the man who could only jump very high in his native parish, Blair's eminence as a speaker was limited to the Church.

The readier tongue of Carlyle enables him to enjoy the incident of a foolish lay elder in the Assembly, who offered Blair a thousand pounds to teach him the art of speaking in public.

"As Blair was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres, he thought he was the most likely person to comply with his request; but he had not observed that Dr. Blair never spoke in public himself, but from the pulpit, from which he might have gathered that the knowledge of rhetoric is different from the practice."

Accepting, therefore, the Ciceronian part of St. David's criticism, Carlyle gives us another anecdote of the great historian and the charming dramatist, which shows that "pleasantry" was not confined to one side.

"At the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away, with £900—'I know that very well,' says John Home to David: 'for when he was taken, there was found in his pocket your *Philosophical Works* and Boston's *Fourfold State of Man*.'"

The Poker Club, instituted in ridicule of the more puritanic brethren, might furnish excellent quotations, illustrative of the wit and freedom of our Scottish society, but space warns us to hurry on. Journeys to England, residences in Harrowgate, alternating with ecclesiastical schemes and orations, fill up the remainder of the work with unflagging spirit. But, at last, we find the effect of "years, that bring the philosophic mind;" and a short extract, which we take from the editor's Supplementary Chapter, "shuts up the story of the days" of that gay and sparkling fellowship, in a letter to Sir John Macpherson. This gentleman had risen to be governor of British India, in succession to Warren Hastings, and was now come home. The date is 1796.

"Now for an account of your old friends, which, if you saw Ferguson as he passed, which I think you did, I might spare.

"To begin with Robertson, whom you shall see no more; in one word, he appeared more respectable when he was dying than ever he did even when living. He was calm and collected, and even placid, and even gay. My poor wife had a desire to see him, and went on purpose, but when she saw him from a window, leaning on his daughter, with his tottering frame, and directing the gardener how to dress some flower-beds, her sensibili-

ity threw her into a paroxysm of grief; she fled up-stairs to Mrs. Russell and could not see him. His house, for three weeks before he died, was really an anticipation of heaven.

"Dr. Blair is as well as possible. Preaching every Sunday with increasing applause, and frisking more with the whole world than ever he did in his youngest days, no symptom of frailty about him; and though he was huffed at not having an offer of the principality, he is happy in being resorted to as the head of the university.

"John Home is in very good health and spirits, and has had the comfort, for two or three winters, of having Major Home, his brother-in-law, a very sensible man, in the house with him, which makes him less dependent on stranger company, which, in advanced years, is not so easy to be found, nor endured when it is found.

"With respect to myself, I have had many warnings within these three years, but on the whole, as I have only fits of illness, and no disease, I am sliding softly on to old age, without any remarkable infirmity or failure, and can, upon occasions, preach like a son of thunder (I wish I were the Bold Thunder for a week or two) against the vile levelling Jacobins, whom I abhor. My wife, your old friend, has been better than usual this winter, and is strong in metaphysics, and ethics, and (can) almost repeat all Ferguson's last book of Lectures, which do him infinite honor. I say, of that book, that if Reid is the Aristotle, Ferguson is the Plato of Scotch philosophers; and the Faculty of Arts of Edinburgh have adopted my phrase."

The abruptness of the conclusion of the Autobiography deprives us of a picture of the times after 1770, but the loss is partly supplied by the recollections with which the old man eloquent breaks through the thread of his narrative, and carries us considerably beyond that date. Taking, however, the finished portion of the work, we believe that the social and public life of any equal period never had so graphic a chronicler before. No national change, we have already remarked, was ever more complete than that which occurred during Carlyle's lifetime, although, from the steadiness of its progress, its power and rapidity almost escaped observation. But in looking back from the terminus we reach in 1805, we can estimate the strength and vigor of the engine which carried us all the way from 1722, without any accident to wheel or boiler.

We have seen the mode of travelling up to 1775, and got our first view of modern

locomotion in the introduction of post-chaises, and the commencement of turnpike roads. Wretched streets traversed the most picturesque and dirtiest town in Europe; and the meanest of wynds and alleys were the residences of the learned and noble. The habits of the people had become a proverb for all that was anti-saponaceous and coarse. But towards the end of the work we see notices of the rising on the opposite ridge from the city of the Stuarts, of a new and splendid capital, which furnished fitting homes for the polished gentry and accomplished poets, philosophers, and historians, who seemed to be subdued by the spirit of the houses they dwelt in, and could not continue to practise in Queen Street or St. Andrew Square, the convivialities and excesses which found a congenial locus in the purlieus of the Grassmarket or the Flesher's Close. Architecture, no less than the other faithfully cultivated arts, softens the manners, and will not permit people to persist in being barbarous. Contemporaneously with the growth of the New Town, the savage joviality which had characterized the Old disappeared. Tavern life was extinguished by the size of the apartments at home; and a country minister would pause a good while before he sent a "cady" to summon the Moderator of the Assembly, two or three of the Judges, and the Principal of the University, to meet him at a hotel-supper on half an hour's notice. Yet this was common eighty years ago, as recorded in this volume. Religious and party spirit also ran so high that the Kirk, though divided against itself, found an ample superfluity of hate to bestow on Dissent and Episcopalianism. The adherents of that old communion felt their recent fall embittered by the insults of their successful rivals, and revenged themselves by cherishing a romantic sort of Jacobitism among their flocks, which so alarmed the government that it would not permit the raising of a Scotch militia, believing that the majority of the people were disaffected if not disloyal. "For it must be observed," says Carlyle, "that when Presbytery was re-established at the Revolution, after the reign of Episcopacy for twenty-nine years, more than two-thirds of the people of the country, and most part of the gentry, were Episcopal; the restoration of Presbytery by King William being chiefly

owing to the Duke of Argyle, Marchmont, Stair, and other leading nobles who had suffered under Charles and James, and who had promoted the Revolution with all their interest and power."

This work, though latest published, forms, in fact, the commencement of the series of biographic and anecdotic reminiscences of the last century with which our own day is enriched. The admirable *Recollections of Lord Cockburn* begin nearly where Carlyle leaves off. Sir Walter Scott was thirty-three at Carlyle's death, and the wondrous strain is carried on till the gentle ripple of the Tweed sounded on the September morning into his dying-room, in 1832. In many respects, the earlier revelations are superior to the rest. In personal interest, we can-

not, of course, place them on a par with the records of the man who would be acknowledged the greatest of modern poets, if he were not undoubtedly the greatest of English novelists; but as a reproduction of a distinct individuality we hold them not to be inferior even to the masterpiece of Lockhart. Following no master, moulding himself on no model, the charm of these pages is their originality. They are not Boswellian, nor Johnsonian, nor Colley Cibberish, nor traceable to any source. Yet in their liveliness of description, sly touches of satire, and vigorous analysis of character, combined with the naturalness of incident and surprising variety of interest deduced from ordinary adventure, we are constantly reminded of *Gil Blas*.

LOGIC FOR NEGROES.—The African Aid Society has sent a curious letter to the king of Dahomey, requesting him not to encourage the slave-trade. The following are the principal passages: "Majesty Badahung,—The great English nation is very sad. It does not like your ways. They are not good. They are very bad. You might be a great king; but what you do will not make you a great king. You do very much harm for a very little money. To be a great king you should do much good, and make it give you a great deal of money. You make war, that you may take slaves and sell them. And a great many of your own people are killed. This is very bad. We are told you sold ten thousand last year; and what did you get? \$50,000. How many bad things have been thus done for so little money. You are the king of a great many people. You may make much money, and your people too. Do not take them to war, where a great many die. But say to them, 'Get cotton, bring me cotton.' Say to them, 'One hundred and fifty thousand of you call me your king. I am your king. I must have one dollar's worth of cotton every year from every one of my people. My chiefs, you will look to it; the chief who has one thousand people will make them bring to Whydah \$1,000 worth of cotton. All the rest you can bring and sell for yourselves. And so you may all get rich—you may all get many dollars.' Majesty Badahung,—Do you not know what the traders buy slaves of you for? To grow cotton and sugar. You can grow it much better than in those countries where they take the slaves to. It is much better in Dahomeyland. We will buy all the cotton of you at Whydah. You shall not be cheated.

It is not a wise king to have many of his people killed every year when they would make so much money for him. Majesty Badahung,—For every hundred pounds of good clean cotton we will give you, at Whydah, eight dollars. In this way you will be a great king. You will be more rich than any other king in Africa. You will get now near \$200,000 a year; we would show you how this may soon be \$400,000; and in a short time \$1,000,000 a year. Majesty Badahung,—Then the great English people will love you. And to show you how glad they are to see you a wise, and a good, and a great king, we will send you from the great English people each year that you do this, and do not sell any slaves, nor let any slaves be sold or sent off from all your coast—we will send you each year a present of love to you of — dollars in silver money, or in all sorts of beautiful and useful goods, which you like best. Yes, we will do this, and buy, too, all your cotton at a fair price, if you will be such a good and such a great king. We have said it. Let us know what you will do."

At the last meeting of the Society of Acclimation, one of the members produced a sample of velvet made from the hair of the Angora goats of France and Algeria. The quality of this velvet is excellent. The manufacturers by whom it was made have fixed its price at seven francs the mètre, on account of the extreme fineness of the hair employed; the same tissue, prepared from the coarser hair of the Asiatic Angoras, being only worth from five to six francs; a proof that the breed is being improved in the hands of the French and Algerian graziers.

From The Dansville (N.Y.) Herald.

"A New History of the Conquest of Mexico,"
By Robert Anderson Wilson. Third edition.
Jas. Challen and Son. 1860.

NEW facts of history can only be settled by a full and fair discussion, yet thus far discussion has been confined to one side only, and that side the one anxious to suppress what the lamented Prescott styled "a great deal of matter quite original." My real offence was that I had written "A New History of the Conquest of Mexico," founded on direct and circumstantial evidence, with speculations on the fabulous ages, according to the rule laid down by Lord Bacon (*De Augmentis*, b. 2, cap. 6). I had ventured, also as an expert personally familiar with the country about which I wrote, to denounce the authorities on which Prescott had relied, as physically impossible; as more intensely fabulous than the Arabian Nights or Munchausen's Tales; as the religious romances and pious frauds of Spanish priests.

As the statute of limitations does not run against history, I will, at this late day, proceed to defend, not myself but the truth of history, not from the travestie, caricature and libel of Prescott's publishers, as contained in their own magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, but from Prof. T——'s article in *Littell's Living Age*, for June, 1859.

The conflicting romances of Spanish priests, written from fifty to two hundred and fifty years after the events they celebrated, had been moulded by the plastic hand of Prescott into a history, constituting what Barnum would style a happy family of discordant elements; rather we should liken them to a pyramid of hearsay standing on its apex, to which Prescott's writings constituted the inverted base. Conflicting with all the rest, yet a leading authority, was a putative narrative attributed to Bernal Diaz, a companion of Cortez. As an expert acquainted with that country, and with the peculiarities of its priests and its soldiers, I pronounce that book spurious, and its Bernal Diaz a myth, the invention of a priest ignorant of the country through which it was alleged the

writer had marched in company with Cortez. On this point I could not be mistaken. My reasoning might be fallacious, but my conclusion alone was testimony. The rule of evidence presupposing that experts do not always know the processes by which their own minds arrive at correct decisions. Yet the professor is not satisfied with my judgment. He cites against me a Guatemalian priest to prove, 1st, that there was a genuine Bernal Diaz. Who disputed it? 2d, That he died at Guatemala. Who denied it? 3d, That the MS. I pronounced spurious was among the public archives of that city within ninety years of the conquest. Did any one fix the date at which the pious fraud was consummated? or deny that the public officers of Guatemala were scamps?

The only way to overcome the testimony of an expert is by other experts. If Prof. T—— wishes to counteract the effect of my testimony, let him qualify himself by the severe process I adopted. But this attempt to suppress evidence by crushing a witness has met with its just deserts. How different is such conduct from that of the noble-hearted Prescott. When I published a small volume of "adventures and researches in that country [Mexico] during parts of the years 1851, '52, '53 and '54," he was the first one to congratulate me on my performance; and, when he learned that the publication of his letter would aid my publisher's sales, he generously consented, though, as he expressed it, the establishment of my theory would convert what he had "hitherto done into castles in Spain." Such was Prescott's disinterested love of truth. Yet he was a Bostonian. Other men have mourned in him the loss of a friend. But I have suffered more than they all by his death. I have lost a generous adversary; one who stood between me and the Ishmaelites. The means of testing the inaccuracy of his authorities did not exist when he wrote, and without evidence on the other side he was not authorized to reject them. But when I brought to light a higher grade of evidence he was the first to admit its force.

Yours truly,
R. A. WILSON.

From The Saturday Review.
SPIRITUALISM.

HARDLY any occurrence of our day is so instructive as the success which spirit-rappers and their advocates have met with on both sides of the Atlantic. It has been often stated that in America, the believers are numbered by millions; and it is well known that countrymen of our own, who from their education ought to know better, believe, with the most simple satisfaction, that Mr. Hume has relations with ghosts who employ themselves (invariably in darkened rooms) in making tables climb upon ottomans, in carrying Mr. Hume round the ceiling, in conveying the silliest of all remarks through the clumsiest of all machinery, and in doing a variety of other things equally impressive and sensible. It is almost a matter of regret that explanations of many of these juggling tricks should have been published by men who put sleight of hand to its legitimate purposes, as it is to be feared that the credit of spirit-rapping may thus be destroyed, and that the curious and instructive illustrations of human credulity which result from it may be prematurely brought to a close. It is to be regretted that educated men and women should be relieved by indiscreet jugglers from the responsibility of saying whether or no they are prepared to believe the stories told about Mr. Hume and his fellows upon the bare personal authority of those who tell them. There has been hardly any case in modern times in which the issue whether or not the evidence which would prove a murder will prove a miracle has been so neatly raised as in the case of spirit-rapping; and the interposition of persons who, by untimely explanations, enable the public to disbelieve the witnesses without discrediting them, is as unsatisfactory to speculative observers as the compromises which occasionally break out in cases involving curious points of law must always be to lawyers. As, however, a point of law may be argued upon a state of facts altogether imaginary, it may be interesting to consider what ought to have been and what were, in point of fact, the conclusions drawn by persons who read in the newspapers and elsewhere, or heard in private society, a variety of stories about rapping spir-its, animated tables, and the like, wonderful enough to justify, upon the supposition of

their truth, the use of such words as miraculous and supernatural—who did not hear or read of any natural mode of explaining such occurrences—and who had no other reason than the marvellous nature of the stories themselves for supposing that the persons who related them were not speaking the truth.

The first step which a reasonable person who heard or read such stories would take, would be to decide whether or not he meant to form an opinion about them. If he did not think it worth his while to do so—which would be the case with almost all men of sense who did not happen to be troubled with a very large amount of superfluous leisure—he would simply amuse himself with the grotesqueness of the stories, and pay no further attention to them. For all ordinary purposes, it is safer, and generally wiser, to act the part of the Scribe and Pharisee towards strange stories. If a man is sometimes led by this habit into despising a new invention or remarkable discovery, he gets no harm and does no harm by it. Baron Alderson thought and said that it was absurd to suppose that locomotive engines could ever succeed; and his remark has been quoted by the idolaters of Mr. George Stephenson as a sort of awful example. Yet the benighted man rose to be a judge, and sat on the bench with much applause for nearly thirty years. If he had believed in railways from the first, he would probably not have done much more. There can be little doubt that the same habit of mind led him to despise many other schemes which turned out ill, and probably, on the whole, it did as little harm to him as to the railways.

If a man desired to go a little deeper into the matter, he would probably consider to what class of subjects the alleged discoveries belonged. A man of reasonably good education, especially if he has ever studied any branch of any scientific subject with any approach to accuracy, ought to have a fair notion of the kind of certainty attainable in different branches of knowledge, and of the general nature of the proofs by which the propositions which belong to them are supported. He would, for example, see at once that no one could pretend to say with confidence whether or not the stars are inhabited; nor would he pay much attention

to any one, however eminent or learned, who pronounced a decisive opinion on the subject; but he would listen respectfully to any man of established scientific reputation who told him that he had discovered a mode of foretelling the general character of next year's weather. The reason of this distinction is, that it is matter of general notoriety that the nature of life is a great riddle, and that no one knows all the conditions under which it may exist, but something is already known about the currents of the air, and the variations of heat and cold, and many discoveries may be expected to be made about them by the careful observation of well-known phenomena. Applying this principle, it would be reasonable for a man to say, Spiritualism belongs to a set of subjects which have always been discredited, and respecting which no discovery has ever been made. It is related to witchcraft, apparitions, and other nests of imposture, and therefore is not to be believed.

These, however, are mere general observations. If a man determined to form as sound an opinion on the subject as could be reached, he would have to examine the evidence itself, and to see what really was proved and what was not, and in this process the first and one of the most important steps would be to separate the facts stated from the inferences drawn from them. The only facts of which there is any evidence at all is that certain people saw and heard certain things. That those appearances and sounds were produced by spirits is an inference not capable of direct proof, and hardly capable of indirect proof. Certain raps are heard, which, when compared with alphabets, spell out the assertion that a dead man is saying such and such things. Suppose the experiment were repeated any number of times and under all varieties of circumstances, would this prove that in fact the dead man was making these assertions? Unless we had some independent knowledge of dead men and their modes of action, it would not prove, or tend to prove, any thing of the sort. As we know nothing whatever about dead men, it would be quite as reasonable to found upon the fact, supposing it to be proved, any other inference whatever—for example, that the sounds were produced by an archangel, by the devil, by devils and angels jointly, by a wild beast in

the planet Saturn, or by any other cause in heaven, earth, or elsewhere. All that can be inferred from any effect is the antecedence of a cause; our only knowledge of causation is derived from experience; and if rappings and table-twisting form a class of effects altogether peculiar and unrelated to any others, they may, for aught we know to the contrary, be caused by any thing, conceivable or inconceivable. We mean by causation nothing more than invariable sequence, and how can we possibly know what is the invariable antecedent of effects which, as far as our powers of tracing go, are by the hypothesis ultimate phenomena?

The course of a person who inquired reasonably, and on true principles, into the subject of rapping spirits would thus be barred at a very early period of his inquiry by an insuperable obstacle. He would never be able to get beyond the facts that certain noises were heard, and certain appearances seen, and that certain motions took place in inanimate matter on occasions when nothing which could account for them on common and recognized principles was present. Unless he had the opportunity of making personal investigations and experiments, he would have to be contented with the fact that particular people said that this was so; and it is an extremely curious question whether, if, after their stories had been carefully sifted and their means of knowledge had been ascertained to be sufficient, it appeared that they really did say so, a wise man would or would not believe them. It is of course possible to imagine cases in which he would. If the assertion was found to be made by a great many people independently of each other, and under circumstances which made collusion, or even communication, impossible or extremely difficult, the accumulation of evidence might, no doubt, be sufficient to remove all possibility of doubt; but if upon inquiry the number of first-hand witnesses was reduced to two or three credible persons, unanimously affirming facts otherwise unexampled, a very curious question would arise—the question, namely, as to the absolute value of human testimony. It is impossible to give a complete and definite answer to this question. The effect of the testimony of three sane and credible witnesses, who should unanimously affirm, under the most awful sanc-

tions, and after being subjected to severe tests of accuracy, that the poker and shovel walked arm in arm to the middle of a given drawing-room, and there preached a sermon on the ninth commandment, is just as much a question of experience as the question whether a man could be found capable of lifting a ton and a half.

Experience appears to show that such a story would be believed by a large number of persons. When a single anonymous individual wrote a letter to the *Times* three years ago to say that he had seen a whole set of murders of the most frightful kind committed in a railway train in Georgia, people not only believed him, but the *Times* published a leading article on the atrocity of the event. It so happened that his story was open to contradiction on a number of points, and was, in fact, contradicted and overthrown; but it was not disbelieved on the ground that the event was so extraordinary that the evidence of a single witness must be considered insufficient to prove it. If the scene had been laid in a place where contradiction was out of the question—as, for example, on the deck of a wrecked ship—no one would have doubted it, and the tale would have been received as a striking example of the atrocities into which human nature is capable of being betrayed in its extremities. The common case of criminal trials is perhaps a stronger instance of the extraordinary amount of confidence which people place in each other's uncorroborated assertions. Juries constantly convict men of crimes of the most fearful kind upon the bare statement of a single witness, of whom they know next to nothing, that he saw the crime committed. A tenth part of the evidence offered in support of the miracles said to be worked by Mr. Hume would have been more than sufficient to stamp men of spotless character with the deepest infamy, and to consign them to penal servitude for life. Every one who has had much experience of juries knows the fatal weight of a direct and positive oath. No general considerations weigh one pin against it; and it must be remembered that juries owe their authority, and indeed their very existence, to the fact that they represent common sense and common experience; so that the readiness with which they believe sworn testimony, however serious the consequences of giving

credit to it may be, must be considered as a fair specimen of the feelings of mankind at large.

These observations apply to the question as to the value which is attached to direct evidence in favor of improbable occurrences given by men of sense, desirous of arriving at the truth, and taking pains to do so; but the eagerness with which people have received the doctrines of spiritualism, and the utter neglect which they have shown of the various steps indicated above towards the formation of a sound judgment, throw light on another point of considerable interest. They show that a large proportion even of educated people are altogether destitute of any thing approaching to scientific habits of mind or of thought, and that they have not the least notion of the bearings or value of evidence. They never seem to draw the distinction between a fact and an inference; nor do they ever recognize the rule that, if more causes than one may account for a particular state of facts, its existence cannot be said to prove any one of them. The popularity of spirit-rapping shows something more than the rarity of strict or accurate habits of thought. It shows how wide is the prevalence of gross, downright credulity. The fact that a large number of people believe the assertions of anonymous or unknown writers that they have seen tables climb upon ottomans, and have heard ghosts playing on the piano, is very memorable. It sets the value of popular belief upon any subject which falls a little out of the common routine in a most striking and instructive light, and it proves how very little the great majority even of intelligent men and women are in the habit of watching the operations of their own minds, and of regulating the formation of their opinions by any thing deserving the name of a principle. Many of the causes of this state of things are constant, and exist in all times and all states of society, but others are peculiar to our own time and country. One of the most curious of them is the spread of mechanical invention. It might have been supposed that a scientific age would be, of all ages, the least superstitious; and if a scientific age meant an age in which all or many minds were scientifically trained, this might be true; but, in point of fact, it means an age in which the results and applications of science attain un-

usual importance, and such a state of things is not only not a hindrance to superstition, but has a direct tendency to promote it. People fall down and worship the work of their neighbors' hands—steam-engines electric telegraphs, and printing presses. They are so impressed by the wonders produced by these and other machines, that they get to look upon science as a sort of god—a blind, arbitrary, capricious deity, who may perform at any moment any strange unreasonable prodigy. People are so overcome by electric telegraphs that they have no objection to urge against rapping spirits. If an American can speak to you from the other side of the Atlantic, why may not a friend speak to you from the other side of the grave? A story to which we had occa-

sion to refer some years ago sets this in so striking a light that its repetition may be pardoned. It typifies the weaknesses of a higher class of society than that to which its hero belonged. A Lincolnshire boor was visited, when *in extremis*, by the vicar of the parish, who administered to him appropriate spiritual advice with more energy than success. After much ineffectual admonition, the dying man replied to the following effect in a feeble voice, and a dialect which can hardly be reproduced on paper, "Wut wi' faath, and wut wi' the earth a tu'ning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzzen and a whuzzen, a'm clean stonied, muddled, and bet." These were his last words. They sum up with great emphasis the intellectual results of scientific discovery on a great part of mankind.

"THE DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM."—How is it that Copley's picture of the sad scene in the old House of Lords, on April 5, 1778, when Lord Chatham fell into a swoon whilst addressing the House, is designated in the official Catalogue of our National Gallery, "The Death of Lord Chatham?" Walpole, in his *Last Journals*, states that the earl "fell down in a second fit of apoplexy, and lay some time *as dead*." He was carried into the Jerusalem Chamber, and in about twenty minutes recovered his speech." Walpole is in error as to the chamber; it was the Painted, not the Jerusalem Chamber. The latter is not adjoining the House of Lords, but at the west end of Westminster Abbey. The official Catalogue is also in error in stating "the scene represented in this picture took place in the old House of Lords (the Painted Chamber);" whereas the old House of Lords was the old Parliament Chamber, which then occupied the site of the Royal Gallery, built by Soane, when the old Court of Requests, or White-hall of the palace, was fitted up for the House of Lords. It is true that the official Catalogue corrects itself by adding that "the earl was carried home, and never again rose from his bed; he died on the 11th of May following." Still, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham," is a misnomer for Copley's picture.—*Notes and Queries*.

DIAMOND MANIA.—An account was given some time back of proceedings between the Duke of Brunswick and a printer named Weisener, relative to the printing by the latter of a catalogue of the former's diamonds. Weisener

brought an action against the duke before the Civil Tribunal to obtain payment of 9,830*l*. for the printing, and the case was heard on Saturday. He stated that the duke had himself drawn up the catalogue, which comprises upwards of one thousand two hundred objects, the total value being represented to be the enormous sum of 15,300,000*l*. An account of the weight, origin, form and value of each article was given, and as, besides, a history of the most celebrated diamonds was added, the catalogue extended to two hundred and fifty pages. The duke had beforehand agreed to pay him 3*l* 1*2*c. per page for each copy, and that sum multiplied by the number of pages and the number of copies struck off made the 9,830*l*. claimed. On the part of his highness it was contended that no stipulation as to price had been entered into, and an offer of 3,500*l*. was made as amply sufficient remuneration for the work done. The Tribunal, after hearing pleading for both parties, decided that the sum to be paid by the duke should be 6,000*l*. In the course of the pleadings it was mentioned incidentally that the duke is now negotiating for the purchase of two diamonds, his offer for one being 1,100,000*l*., and the other 3,000,000*l*.

MR. BENTLEY has in the press, "Memoirs and Correspondence of William, first Lord Auckland, including important letters of the Right Honorable Wm. Pitt, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Gibbon, Hume, etc.," edited by the Right Honorable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

I.

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

II.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good-day"
Made each day good, is hushed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

III.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

IV.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here,—
While the tears drop, my days go on.

V.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends, go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

VI.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

VII.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan;
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

VIII.

I knock and cry, . . . Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort . . . none?
No gleaming in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

IX.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red lip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so wintery go on?

X.

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

XI.

I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

XII.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

XIII.

What harm would *that* do? Green anon
The sword would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

XIV.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

XV.

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep,
Than when the rivers overlap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI.

God's voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

XVII.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all!—
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

XVIII.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,—
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

XIX.

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

XX.

—Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
Whose days eternally go on!

XXI.

For us, . . . whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood :
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

XXII.

Whatever's lost, it first was won :
We will not struggle not impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on !

XXIII.

I praise Thee while my days go on ;
I love Thee while my days go on !
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank Thee while my days go on !

XXIV.

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling . . . so I ! **THY DAYS GO ON !**
—*Independent.*

THE PEACEFUL WAITING.

A LITTLE longer yet, a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds
sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are
blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful to thee,
And the cold morn shall look through the blue
silence,
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still—patience, beloved !
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory and the brightness and the wonder
Eternal and divine that wait thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true, immortal
(Not this our shadowy life), will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels
worship,
And trembling bow before the great white
throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight,
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine,
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be
thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs
thee ;
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here ?
—*Christian Register.*

UNDER THE CLIFFS.

I.

WHITE-THROATED maiden, gay be thy carol
Under the cliffs by the sea ;
Plays the soft wind with thy dainty apparel—
Ah, but thou think'st not of me.
Stately and slow
The great ships go,
White gulls in the blue float free ;
And my own dear May
Sees the skies turn gray
Under the cliffs by the sea.

II.

Ah, there is one who follows thee lonely
Under the cliffs by the sea :
Joy to this heart if thy watchet eyes only
Turn for a moment on me.
Strange is thy gaze
O'er the ocean's haze,
With those white hands clasped on thy knee :
Sweet breast, flutter high
For a true-love nigh
Under the cliffs by the sea !

III.

When shall I dare love's story to utter
Under the cliffs by the sea ?
When shall I feel thy little heart flutter,
Pressed, O my darling, to me ?
Lo, the foam grows dark,
And the white-winged barque
Seems a speck in the mist to be :
Ere the sun's rim dips
Let me kiss those lips
Under the cliffs by the sea !
—*Temple Bar.* MORTIMER COLLINS.

From The Press.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

THE name of Professor Aytoun is one which the public is not apt to forget. Those who have laughed immoderately over the "Glenmutchkin Railway" and other kindred tales of well-timed irony and extravagant fun, or who have thrilled with the chivalrous emotion of the "Lays of the Cavaliers,"—who have enjoyed the quizzing burlesque of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," the polished irony set in the picturesque framework of "Firmilian," or the flowing narrative-poem of "Bothwell," do not require any accident of circumstance to keep green in their memories the distinguished Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Alike a poet and a politician, an accomplished professor and a writer of the most outrageous fun that ever lent pungency to truth, Professor Aytoun has achieved a brilliant reputation in very varied departments of literature, and stands forth with a strongly marked individuality which is in no danger of being lost sight of in the general throng.

An event in the northern University is at present making Professor Aytoun public property; so that we may be pardoned by him, as we shall assuredly be by our readers, for seizing upon him as an inviting topic of the day. The various societies of the Edinburgh University—societies whose discussions first elicited the eloquence of Brougham, Lansdowne, Russell, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Horner, Scott, and a host of others—some years ago associated themselves together as a representative body, which every third year selects some eminent man as president. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton was the first rector,—Sir John M'Neil was the second. Again the post of honor was vacant, and according to custom the names of several distinguished men were put in nomination. Eventually the issue came to be between Professor Aytoun, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Thackeray, and on Tuesday the former was elected by an immense majority over Mr. Thackeray, who stood second on the poll. To us lookers-on from afar, it seems but natural that the choice of the academical constituency should have fallen upon the man whose brilliant abilities do so much to uphold the waning glories of the modern Athens. The age of giants is passed in the northern

metropolis. One by one the great luminaries who once shed lustre upon Edinburgh society have passed away. Scott and Hogg, Wilson, Lockhart, and Jeffrey, and a dozen other names of note in the last generation, have left but few kindred successors behind them. But we are apt to deceive ourselves in such matters; for reputations at present but half developed will loom larger in the view of posterity than they do in ours. And certainly, to the next generation Aytoun will appear like a demi-god not unworthy to take his place with the old Olympians of Edinburgh society.

If patriotism be a virtue, and if poetry be a glory, Scotland is not wrong in the high esteem which she bestows upon Professor Aytoun. More than any man of the present generation, and second only to the peerless genius of Scott, Aytoun has glorified the olden times of his country. Breaking from the quizzical parodies of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads"—in which, we believe, he made his first and anonymous appearance as an author—his high gift of poetry found a series of noble themes in the chivalrous annals of his country; and with an enthusiasm and high emotion possible only to youth, he poured into his "Lays" the richest music and noblest visions of his poetic nature, producing a work unsurpassed of its kind in any age, and not even equalled by the splendid Roman lays of Macaulay. A great part of Professor Aytoun's life is to be traced in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where for many years the raciest of literary criticisms alternated with wonderfully clever political articles from his fertile pen. Like his famous father-in-law, old "Christopher North," Aytoun, with a pride of country which appears inseparable from the Scottish character, from his youth upwards revelled in the feelings of nationality; and in his maturer life the same spirit, grown staid and statelier, seems to guide the direction of his literary labors. In his poem of "Bothwell," he added to the chivalrous scenes of his "Lays" the one grander but pre-eminently difficult episode of Scottish history which has for its heroine that name of ever-enduring romance, Mary Queen of Scots. And soon after, having for long applied himself to the study of the ancient popular poetry in which Scotland is so rich, he produced an edition of the Scottish ballads, which

there can be little doubt, judging from the success which it has already achieved, will be the channel through which these beautiful relics of ancient poetry will become most widely known to the world. The professorship in the university, which he has held for upwards of a dozen years, placed him in a position where literary men do not always shine, but where a man of his stamp could not fail to distinguish himself. The chair of belles-lettres had for long maintained a merely nominal existence. The attendance upon it was not compulsory, and the students would not attend. But when Aytoun stepped into the professor's chair, the excellence of his lectures, and his not less able handling of his class, soon filled the lecture-room; and of late years the chair of belles-lettres at Edinburgh, instead of existing but in name as it used to do—or merely as an

ornament, as in the best of hands it is ever apt to do—has been found to be one of the most useful, as well as popular, chairs in the university.

A man of such unquestionable genius, and who conjoins with his wide literary fame a local celebrity and local connections most honorable to himself, well deserves to fill the position of honor to which he has just been elected. Once an alumnus, and now a professor, the associated societies of the Edinburgh University have elevated him still higher. Thackeray and Ruskin, the two rival candidates, have each claims upon the suffrages of an academical institution which we shall be the last to ignore. But when they compete with Professor Aytoun for the suffrages of the University of Edinburgh, it surely involves no disparagement of their merits that they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

ON 23 Dec. Mr. John F. Watson, author of the well-known *Annals of Philadelphia*, died at his residence in Germantown, in his 82d year. From the *Evening Bulletin* we take the following biographical notice of our oldest local author:—

"The deceased was born at Batsto, Burlington County, New Jersey. Early in life he made his home in the county of Philadelphia. For a number of years he was a bookseller upon Chestnut Street. When the Bank of Germantown went into operation Mr. Watson was chosen as its cashier, and held the position for many years. He subsequently became treasurer and secretary of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company, and he retained those responsible offices until advancing years and declining health induced him to resign them.

"Mr. Watson is best known as a local historian. His *Annals of Philadelphia* possess a great charm to all who take an interest in the early history of the city and state. The work has passed through several editions, the latest and most complete and elegant having been published within a short time. He was also the author of a *History of New York City*, which was got up in a style similar to his *Annals of Philadelphia*.

"Apart from his published works, Mr. Watson has made some valuable contributions to local history. A number of manuscript works, pictures, and other relics, relating to the Revolutionary struggle, and to the early history of the city, have been placed in the Philadelphia Library, and Mr. Ferdinand L. Dreer, of this city, has recently purchased from Mr. Watson a large

number of manuscripts relating to the same subject.

"The deceased was the father of the school of local historians, who have done so much within the last half century to rescue from oblivion the early history of Philadelphia. The intelligence of his death will cause a general feeling of regret."—*Press*, 25 Dec.

WILLIAM S. STOCKTON, for thirty-five years a resident of Philadelphia, and for seventeen of these connected with the Blockley Almshouse, died at his home, in Burlington County, N. J., whither he removed some months ago. He was the father of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, the well-known divine of this city. His character was religious and literary. For some forty years he has been distinguished as a Christian, and an ecclesiastical and social reformer. He was the founder and editor (in 1821) of the "*Wesleyan Repository*," the periodical which commenced the work of reform in American Methodism, and resulted in the reformation of the Methodist Protestant Church. He was one of the earliest pioneers of the temperance cause, having published an original volume on the subject four years previous to the organization of the American Temperance Society, in Boston, in 1825. In a word, he was always earnestly and usefully devoted (though humbly and unostentatiously) to the promotion of all truth and righteousness. None could have known him without profound respect for his many honorable and admirable qualities. —*Philadelphia (U. S.) Gazette*—November.

From The Saturday Review.
RIFLES FOR HUNGARY.

THE news that Sardinian vessels containing large stores of ammunition and many thousand rifles have been seized at the Sulina mouth of the Danube has been sufficiently confirmed to show that preparations for a revolutionary war in the spring are being made on a very considerable scale. The government of the Porte is said to have made a formal remonstrance to the Sardinian minister against an act which, on the most favorable interpretation, is a violation of neutrality; and although it is exceedingly unlikely that the cabinet of Turin is directly implicated in the adventure, yet all the world knows that sixty thousand rifles are not sent from Genoa to the Euxine without the government having a knowledge of what is going on, and approving the purpose for which the arms are sent.

The Italians are, in fact, doing their best to arm the Hungarians, and Count Cavour probably thinks that a better investment for Italian money could scarcely be found. If the Hungarians will but quarrel with Austria, and are supplied with the means of warfare, it may be safe for the Italians to try next spring whether that portion of the walls of Verona which is not built so as to tumble down of itself is built so as to yield to a bombardment. The Hungarians are doing all in their power to push their emperor to the alternative of accepting the issue of a revolutionary struggle or of giving Hungary a constitution that will virtually separate her from the empire. The Conference at Gran has ended in a unanimous resolution to demand the Electoral Law of 1848; and the Electoral Law of 1848 is merely a recast of the Hungarian Constitution, so as to avoid the old feudal inequalities. So convinced is the Austrian government that a struggle must come, that the cabinet has repeatedly deliberated on the advantages to be gained by being first in the field, and it has been seriously proposed to declare Hungary in a state of siege, and trust to the force of arms to do away with all the difficulties which Diets and Electoral Laws threaten to create. But the emperor shrank from hazarding his crown on such a desperate throw. He has dismissed the minister of the interior who wished to treat the whole Austrian empire as he had been accustomed to see the Poles treated in Galicia, and he has given the Hungarians liberty to do for the present as they please. What they intend to do is perfectly evident. They will vote that the emperor's Charter is a piece of waste paper, and they will invite Sardinian vessels up the Danube, or into the ports of the Eastern Adriatic. Some of the ves-

sels sent at the same time as those captured are already said to have discharged their cargoes where they would be available for the use of the insurgents, and it is scarcely possible that Hungary should be in want of arms much longer if the Austrian government continues to wink at every kind of insubordination, and to exercise as little authority in the country as it does now. Delay tells rapidly in favor of the enemies of Francis Joseph, and yet he and his advisers cannot hasten the crisis. He dare not provoke the contest, and so he sits patiently until a shell explodes at his feet.

Symptoms, however, are not wanting that the preparations for a revolutionary rising are being made on too vast a scale and at too many detached points to permit the supposition that so small a country as Sardinia is at the head of the movement. The main-spring of the movement is to be found, not at Turin but at the Tuileries, and French agents and French influences of all kinds are combining to stir up, not only the Hungarians, but also the inhabitants of the Principalities, and even the Poles. Much of this is done, of course, without the direct knowledge or participation of Louis Napoleon; but the exiles at Paris are encouraged to hope and to work, and are invited to communicate what they know of the countries to which they belong, and find that means and resources of action are now provided to which they have long been strangers. Unless a great mass and variety of evidence coming from different quarters, and apparently without design, is to be wholly rejected, there can be no doubt that, for the last few months, the east of Europe has been excited by the presence and language of persons who say that a good time is coming, and that the emperor of France is to be its author. It should always be remembered how these things are practically worked before the existence of agencies of this sort is discredited. The emperor is known, partly as a matter of policy and partly from his own conviction of what is desirable, to have adopted the programme of resettling Europe on the basis of what are called the nationalities. Directly this programme promised to be a successful one, its great supporter would be sure to be besieged by numberless beggars for a practical application of it in their favor. A very little encouragement would stimulate all those who are bent on a change to bring about an opportunity for French interference; and the emperor, although he would not give this encouragement directly, would still less be inclined to deny it altogether. But he is perfectly aware that it would be a fatal mistake if he were to commit himself too far to the revolutionary party, or

to assume the position in Europe of the great enemy of peace and the great fomentor of disorder. He therefore takes care to screen and justify his revolutionary schemes behind the cover of English sympathy, and to seem to act only as we do, and to manage affairs only as we wish; and at the same time he goes out of his way to please in little things the great despotic powers of the Continent. He keeps the pope at Rome, and protects the king in his retreat at Gaeta, because Austria and Russia wish he should do so. He seems to belong to the ranks of what are called the friends of order, and to be saved from the imputation of being a mere revolutionary chief, when it is by his means that the unfortunate people of Viterbo are again exposed to the assiduities of the pontifical *gens-d'armes*, and that King Francis is still left with a sufficient footing in his kingdom to afford a date for the manifestoes in which he promises all kinds of new constitutions to the people who were lately subjects. Much that has appeared enigmatical in the recent conduct of Louis Napoleon may probably be set down to his wish to keep himself distinct from the revolutionary party at a time when he sees that a great revolutionary movement must take place, to the possibility of which he has largely contributed. He thus not only secures his place in the circle of crowned heads and legitimate rulers, but he acquires a means of regulating the revolutionary party itself. He wishes that this party should not look on him as one of its own number, but as an outsider from whom there is much to be hoped, something to be expected, and not a little to be feared.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg appears to regard the prospect of a revolutionary outbreak as sufficiently near and sufficiently serious to make the accumulation of large masses of troops in the neighborhood of suspected districts seem absolutely necessary. The force in Bessarabia that overawes the Principalities is no longer a corps of observation—it is an army; and Poland is watched

with a strictness and a vigilance unsurpassed even in the time of the Emperor Nicholas. That France, or the tributary plotters of Turin, really wish to get up a revolution in Russia, or to threaten Russia in any way, is wholly improbable. But, on the one hand, it is much easier to start and foster a revolutionary spirit than to limit it; and when a secret excitement pervades nations that think themselves oppressed, enthusiasts are very apt to omit to ask themselves whether the aid on which they count can or will be given. And, on the other hand, Louis Napoleon wishes by every means to make Russia feel his power, and own that it is much better to work with him than against him. Both France and Russia are looking steadily on to the great eastern question, which must soon come on the carpet again, although the poor sultan has been bullied into promising to save a few thousand pounds in the expenses of his palace, and M. Mires has been good enough to explain how well Turkey will get on when all its taxes have been forestalled. The eastern question must come on again, and France and Russia hope to solve it as they please. The government journals at St. Petersburg have lately been instructed to occupy themselves in showing that there can be no real objection to the French having Egypt. This is the thought with which Russia is being familiarized; and the conviction is sure to accompany it that Russia is going to have something too. The Piedmontese soldiers who are kept outside Gaeta in the heavy rains of an Italian December might perhaps be cheered by a new sense of their own importance if they could but understand that they are exposed to privation, cold, and illness because the emperor of the French wishes to pay a compliment to the interference which the czar has exercised in favor of the king of Naples, and that the remote object of this compliment is to bring about an arrangement by which France shall occupy Alexandria on the day when Russia occupies Constantinople.

"THE Horse and its Rider," by Sir Francis B. Head; "Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers," by Commander C. S. Forbes, R.N.; and "Two Years' Residence in Jütland and the Danish Isles," by Horace Marryat, are among the latest promises of Mr. Murray.

ALGERIA is now connected with France by the electric cable laid down between that colony, the Balearic Isles and Spain. The laying of the electric cable between Marseilles and Algiers is to be completed towards the end of the present year.